McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor — OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY — TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

VOL. XLII. SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 16, 1905. NO. 11

State Library 11 JUL 05

THE JAPANESE CAPTURE MUKDEN

Russians Lose About 200,000 Men and Many Guns and Stores.

THE WAR MAY BE ENDED SOON.

Reported That Japan Asks Large Indemnity—French Bankers Slow to Loan Russians Money.

In the battle around Mukden the Russians have met a terrible defeat and the losses are estimated as high as 200,000 men besides 500 cannon and a large amount of small arms and ammunition, stores, etc.

In a summary of the situation yesterday's Bradford Era says: By delaying in pressing his pursuit of Russia's defeated and demoralized army to Tie Pass, Field Marshall Oyama has afforded Gen. Kuropatkin time to sort out the disorganized units of his command and restore his forces to at least a semblance of order. So far as known, there is no considerable force of Japanese nearer Tie Pass than six or eight miles, but in Russian quarters there is a feeling of apprehension that some turning movement of which there is no definite information is in progress. From Japanese sources it is reported that many struggling parties of Russians, cut off from their commands in the retreat from Mukden, are surrendering upon the appearance of Japanese troops. The council of war summoned by Emperor Nicholas is reported to have decided yesterday that the war must be carried forward. The all important question of means is said to have reached no solution, the situation being complicated by the reported decision of French capitalists not to negotiate the loan recently offered by St. Petersburg. The probability as regarded in St. Petersburg seems to be that when Gen. Kuropatkin has completed the task of reorganizing what is left of his army he will be permitted to return to Russia and that the command in Manchuria will be entrusted to Gen. Sukhomlinoff, whose war apprenticeship was served under Gen. Dragomiroff, who has been regarded as the foremost of Russia's scientific soldiers. It is possible, however, that the command will go to Grand Duke Nicholas Nicholaivitch.

A dispatch from London, dated March 15, says: The revolt of the French bankers is considered by the London newspapers as the most hopeful and important news of the day, promising an early conclusion of peace between Russia and Japan. Apparently the proposed loan has not been absolutely refused, but only "postponed." This, however, is regarded here as being tantamount to a refusal, and is expected to speak louder to the Russian war party even than Gen. Kuropatkin's reverse at Mukden. It is the general belief that in the death of M. Germain, the late governor of the Credit Lyonnais, Russia lost her strongest financial friend in France, and that had he been alive no difficulty would have been experienced. With the American and English markets closed to her it is thought that Russia can only turn to Germany, who is not likely to be much more responsive than France, and the only alternative would seem to make peace.

Reports are current here that Japan will now demand an indemnity of between $500,000,000 and $750,000,000.

A dispatch to the London Central News from Tieling, dated March 15, says that the Japanese attacked the fortifications outside of that town, but were repulsed. It is believed the Japanese suffered heavy losses.

Court House Improvements.

Workmen have been busy making improvements in the equipment of the offices in the court house that are much needed and when completed will add much to the appearance of the first floor of our temple of justice and be of great convenience to the officers who occupy those rooms.

Fire proof steel filing drawers and cabinets are being put in and added to several of the offices. In the prothonotary's office all the wooden filing cases have been removed and replaced with steel and roller book shelving. The county treasurer's office has been moved to the room in the northwest corner of the court house, lately occupied by the sheriff. A steel counter, with glass and grating similar to that used in banks, has been put in, together with desks, safe and other modern appliances. The register of wills and clerk of the orphan's court office has been removed to the room formerly occupied by the county treasurer and new furniture and filing cases of the same material installed. The sheriff's office has moved across the hall to the northeast corner of the building and that also is to receive some much needed repairs.

There is only one medicinal whiskey sold in Smethport. Ask for O. F. C. at Hotel Imperial.

Subscribe for the Miner

Hydrants Inspected.

Tuesday afternoon Street Commissioner Ness and George Gerritt, line superintendent for the Smethport Water Co., made a tour of inspection of the hydrants in this borough with very satisfactory results, there being only three out of the 37 that are not in good working order at the present time.

Some of the hydrants opened hard on account of rust and long standing but all except the three were finally opened and put in shape for immediate use in case of fire. After they were flushed they were tested for water in the stand pipes and all found to be clear and therefore there is no danger of these being frozen or out of order in case of fire if properly handled.

The three hydrants out of order are: One at the corner of East street and Northumberland avenue, one at the corner of Bank and Mechanic streets and one at the corner of Mechanic and Cemetery streets. An attempt will be made to repair these temporarily and as soon as the frost is out of the ground they will be put in perfect repair.

When the hydrants were put in they were placed on top of pounded stone from which a drain was laid and as there is a drip from each stand pipe it is impossible for a hydrant to freeze as long as the drip and drain are in working order. Therefore it is not the best policy to flush hydrants often especially in the cold season. If the stand pipes are tested occasionally and are kept dry there will be no freezing of hydrants, and with this precaution we need have no further trouble along this line.

Brennan-Selover

At the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Selover, in Olean, N. Y., at 3:30 o'clock, Wednesday, March 15, 1905, Miss Jessie Selover was united in marriage to Mr. George W. Brennan of this borough. The bride was attired in a champagne colored crepe de chene gown and the groom in regulation black. The ceremony was performed in the presence of only the immediate relatives of the happy couple but Mr. and Mrs. Brennan were the recipients of many beautiful presents. The newly wedded couple left on the evening train for a ten days' honeymoon trip in Western cities, after which they will reside in Mt. Jewett.

The bride is a charming and popular young lady who for some time past has acted as stenographer for Gallup & Bouton of this place, and the groom is an able and popular young business man, having extensive interests in Smethport, where he has always resided, but at present he is connected with the Mt. Jewett National Bank. Their host of friends will unite with the MINER in wishing them happiness.

Death of Mrs. Hooker.

Her many friends and relatives in Smethport and vicinity will be pained to learn of the sudden death of Mrs. Katherine Chapin Hooker which occurred at Jefferson, Kansas, on Thursday, March 9, 1905, at the home of her son John Hooker. Her death was due to a stroke of apoplexy and she was 70 years of age. Mrs. Hooker was a half sister of Mrs. A. B. Armstrong of this place and in her early life lived in this vicinity. She visited Smethport quite often and her kind and lovable disposition made her many friends in this place who will unite with her relatives in mourning the demise of a most estimable woman.

She is survived by two sons and three daughters. Her remains were taken to Brookings, S. Dakota, her former home where they were laid at rest on Sunday last.

A Correction.

EDITOR MINER:—In view of the fact that a report has been quite generally circulated throughout the county by certain newspapers that in case of my nomination and election to sheriff of this county I would appoint T. F. Hungsville, a Democrat, as my deputy, I wish to state that this story is wholly without foundation. And I wish to further state that no man has been promised the deputyship by me and that in the event of my election my deputy will be a man who's record as a Republican and a man of honesty, sobriety, capability and general fitness for the position will be unquestioned in the minds of the thinking people of the county.

GEO. W. MITCHELL.

Statement of Sheriff Mays.

SMETHPORT, PA., March 15, 1905.

To the Republican voters of McKean county, Pa.:

The statement has been made that in the event of the nomination and election of Mr. Burr McAllister, that I would be his deputy. Mr. McAllister has not promised me the deputyship, I AM NOT an applicant for the position AND WOULD NOT accept it under any combination of circumstances.

Yours truly,

CHAS. E. MAYS.

If you are in need of blankets it is a great saving to buy them now for we are closing them out at greatly reduced prices. Holmes & Gilfillan, The Great Supply House.

A BURGLAR KILLED.

Policeman Fay of Limestone Fatally Wounds Tom Hughes While Attempting His Arrest.

Tom Hughes, alias Tom Wilson, was discovered robbing the store of Paton & Son at Limestone early Monday morning. The burglar fled and a posse started in pursuit. Policeman Barney Fay saw the man about a half hour later and commanded him to surrender after which Fay started toward him to take him into custody. When within about 10 feet of the burglar the latter shot at Fay but missed. The officer returned with a shot and Burt Paton and Ray Pinkerton, who were with Fay, also shot at him. Hughes fell to the ground and was taken to the town hall, where physicians pronounced his wounds fatal. Two bullet wounds were found on his body, one near the heart and the other in his right side. He gave his name as Tom Wilson of Sharpsburg, Pa., and an outfit of burglars' tools, nitro glycerine, fuses, etc., were found on his person. Afterwards he was removed to the Bradford hospital where he died at 1 o'clock Monday afternoon.

Although he gave his name as Wilson Chief Murray suspected that he was Tom Hughes, an oil country character, and later he was identified as Hughes by a man who used to work with him. At the hospital he stated that he had a sister living near London, England, and asked that she be notified of his death. A money order for $100 recently sent to him from Brooklyn was turned over to the surgeon, and to him he stated that he expected another remittance from the same source, which he wished paid to Ed. Sutherland of Riverside, to apply on an indebtedness at the latter's hotel.

Tom Hughes was aged about 60 years. He was born and reared in England, coming to this country when a young man. When about 28 years of age he assisted in the robbing of a bank near New York, for which he served a term of 10 years in Sing Sing. Subsequently he went to Pithole and engaged in tool dressing and drilling, going to various new fields that were developed later. He was well known in Titusville in the Sixties.

He was caught in the act of robbing a postoffice near Butler and for the crime was sentenced to 10 years in the Western penitentiary, being released from confinement about four years ago. Since then he has visited different parts of the Pennsylvania and West Virginia oil fields, and for nearly a year had been located in the vicinity of Bradford, spending a majority of the time at Riverside. He was of medium height, was light complexioned and rather heavy set. Although of a quiet disposition, amiable and generous, he possessed those criminal characteristics that proved his undoing, and which always seemed so surprising to his friends, who were loth to believe that at heart he was a crook.

The Bradford Era in speaking of Hughes says: "At Davis City, back in the 'Eighties, a well worker had been killed. His body lay inside of a boiler house. Quite a number of men stood about and in low voices were talking about the accident. A little boy came up and we recognized him as the son of the poor man who had just died. The lad's toes were out through his boots. One of the men spoke kindly to the boy.

"'Those boots of yours need mending,' observed the man.

"'Yes,' said the boy, 'but papa is going to get me a new pair soon and he says they're going to have copper toes on 'em and they're going to have red tops, too.'

"The little fellow did not know that his father was a mangled corpse in the boiler house against which he was leaning. There were many moist eyes when the boy told of his pathetic aspirations as to new boots. Every man in the crowd went down into his pockets and dropped money into a hat that was passed. The money amounted to over $300 when it was counted and handed to the boy's mother. And the quickest man to get into his pocket and the one to give the largest sum was the same man who was shot down as an outlaw on Monday morning—Tom Hughes."

The man who spoke as above quoted, was one of a group of oil men who yesterday were discussing the career of the dead burglar. Every man in the party knew the man when he was a driller and they all described him as an amiable, intelligent, generous fellow, who, despite his double life reputation, was well liked among the well workers.

"He was the quietest and most agreeable man in any boarding house where he happened to stop," said a former acquaintance. "If any person wanted to get into a row he would endeavor to make peace. When a plot was made to rob one of the richest producers in the vicinity of Ormsby, Tom Hughes was let into the secret by the gang. The man to be robbed was a friend of his. He told the would-be robbers if they attempted to do such a thing he would blow holes in them. The robbery never occurred."

So many stories were told of the dead man and his exploits that much space would be required to print them. The statement that he had "done time" in Sing Sing was denied. His imprisonment was in this State.

A Narrow Escape.

Last Monday morning Leo Herzog met with an accident which came very near being serious. He was hauling a load of oats and feed towards Ormsby and as he was attempting to cross the tracks of the Kushequa Route the horses got stuck on account of the snow being shoveled away from the crossing. He got off the sleighs and was throwing snow on the bare spots so that the team could start the load, when he heard a train coming down the hill.

He hurriedly attempted to unhitch the team from the sleighs but only had time to release one of them when he was obliged to leave the rig in order to save himself. The engine struck the sleds at almost full speed, as at this point there is a sharp curve, completely demolishing the rig and scattering the grain in every direction, but fortunately the horses escaped without injury. The damage to rig and load is about $40.

The train was stopped as soon as possible and run back to ascertain what damage had been done. Mr. Herzog says that no whistle was blown or bell sounded at this crossing to warn him of the approaching train, so it is very lucky that the accident was not a great deal more serious.

Encampment Installs.

About fifty members of Canton Bradford, No. 43, and McKean Encampment, No. 266, I. O. O. F. of Bradford, under the direction of Capt. Bogart and Lieut. Sloan, came over on a special train on the B., E. & K. Ry. last evening for a social visit and installation of officers of Smethport Encampment, No. 273. The installation work was conducted by District Deputy Grand Patriarch W. C. Maxwell and the following officers were installed: Chief Patriarch, S. H. Cleveland; Senior Warden, William James; Junior Warden, Carl Triff; Scribe, C. B. Barber; Treasurer, H. W. Rubin; Trustee, J. A. Swanson. Two candidates accompanied the Bradford delegation and on them the Royal Purple was exemplified by the degree team of the McKean Encampment. At the conclusion of business a delicious spread was served in the banquet hall which was enjoyed by the visitors and home members. Speeches and toasts were given spontaneously and when at 1 o'clock the Bradford people left the hall all felt that the evening was well spent.

A Woman Killed.

A terrible accident occurred Tuesday morning at Cutler Summit, near Newfield Junction. Mrs. Wm. Boyd, aged 34 years, had started for a store to get some provisions and was following along the railroad track. The snow is drifted deep and cut out just wide enough for a train to pass through. It was on a sharp curve that the train was returning from Wellsville struck her, carrying her about a quarter of a mile while the engineer knew nothing of the accident until a man named Raymond, a track-walker, found the lifeless body and sent a dispatch to Galeton. The unfortunate woman leaves a husband and four children, the eldest of whom is twelve. Funeral services were held at Gold yesterday. The husband and little ones have the deepest sympathy of all in that section in the sudden loss of their wife and mother.—Cross Fork News.

Pastor Driven Away.

Coudersport, Pa., March 15.—The Rev. L. D. Cook, the Methodist pastor at Black Creek, whose house was burned, horse poisoned, himself stoned and his life threatened by some unknown enemy, has left Black Creek secretly in order to avoid the vengeance of his enemies, whoever they be. Preacher Cook's whereabouts is unknown, only to his family and Presiding Elder Thomas Carlus, at whose instance Mr. Cook left Black Creek.

Mr. Cook's departure followed a report made to Presiding Elder Carlus by two detectives employed on the case. What that report is but few persons know, but the departure of the Rev. Mr. Cook is believed to mean that for the safety of his person he should go away. The Rev. Mr. Cook said that before going he did not expect any arrest in the case.

Editor Corwin Acquitted.

Considerable public interest was manifest in the action for libel brought by County Auditor Frank Howland against Arlie Corwin of the Routh-R-corder. The matter was presented to the grand jury yesterday and after hearing the witnesses, that body refused to recommend an indictment and ordered the prosecutor to pay the costs. From this it seems that Sammy Pennypacker and his press muzzler are not in very high standing in Potter county.

Auditor Howland is very much dissatisfied with the outcome and has authorized his attorneys, Seibert & Lillibridge to institute civil proceedings against Mr. Corwin.—Potter Enterprise.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old, Taken from the Files.

Harris-Upthegrove.—At Frisbee, Pa., Dec. 2, 1877, by Rev. N. Hart, Mr. Geo. W. Harris of Keating township and Mary M. Upthegrove of Annin township, McKean county, Pa.

Whelan-Glenn.—At St. Elizabeth's church, Wednesday, Dec. 26, 1877, by Rev. Father Smith, Mr. F. J. Whelan of Titusville, Pa., and Miss Eliza Glenn, only daughter of Hugh Glenn, of this borough.

Ramsey.—Eaton.—At the residence of the bride's parents, on Jan. 1, 1878, by Rev. O. J. Rose, Mr. Frank W. Ramsey and Miss Nina L. Eaton, all of this place.

Gale.—In Coryville, Dec. 19, 1877, of liver complaint, Wm. H. Gale, formerly of Wellsville, N. Y., in the fifty-fifth year of his age.

After a long and severe illness of about ten months he joyfully received his summons, which came on Wednesday morning. He leaves a wife and seven children who deeply mourn his loss. A few hours previous to his death he bade them all an affectionate farewell, asking them all to meet him in Heaven, and passed away praising God.

McKean county contains 1,007 square miles and 644,480 acres.

McKean county received from the common school fund, for 1876 $1,851.06.

The marriage of Miss Flora Taylor, youngest daughter of the late Hon. A. N. Taylor of this place, to Mr. J. J. Newman of Buffalo, Wednesday, Feb. 20, 1878, was the occasion of one of the most elegant weddings that ever took place in our borough, and there have been many worthy of the best efforts of Jenkins in description. In addition to the many friends at home who were present there were a number of guests from abroad, friends of the bride and groom, among whom we might mention the following: Mr. and Mrs. Newman, parents of the groom, Mrs. C. Newman and daughter, the Misses Nellie and Mary Shaw, Miss Florence Newman, Mr. S. F. Pratt, Mr. Jack Scratchard, Mr. Charley Hodge, Mr. Hopkins, all of Buffalo; Miss Jennie Moulsel of LeRoy, N. Y., and Mrs. J. S. Briggs of Russellburg, Pa. Rev. H. Q. Miller conducted the ceremony, after which the happy couple received the usual congratulations and the large company sat down to an elegant breakfast. Mr. and Mrs. Newman and party left for Buffalo by the afternoon train. "Dude" carries with her in her new relations the heartiest wishes of a host of friends for continued happiness and prosperity.

Thursday afternoon a car broke loose from a coal train south from Keating Summit, and ran back seven miles to Emporium. When it entered the yard it was running at the rate of 40 miles an hour. A switch was thrown open and it was run into a bank and wrecked. A brakeman jumped onto it when it first started, but there being no brake so he could stop it he jumped off again after riding five miles and while the car was making thirty miles an hour.

B. D. Hamlin & Son, as agents of the Keating estate, sold $58,000 worth of land on Tuesday. The land is located in Otto township in the Knapp's creek district and sold for $100 and $125 an acre. They have negotiated another sale of $30,000.

One would hardly suppose that the old Bush mill property would ever change hands but such seems to be the case. Seth Gifford and Charley Wolters are the purchasers for a consideration of $4,000. The sale was consummated yesterday (March 13, 1878) and the papers have already been made out. We congratulate the boys upon the possession of a valuable piece of property and hope for their sakes that the Haskell well is full of oil. They are both hard workers and careful managers and will undoubtedly make the property profitable in any event.

The truth about the Haskell well at this date (Wednesday, March 6, 1878), and we have it from the most reliable authority, is this: On Tuesday evening they shut down just as they entered what seemed to be an excellent sand, and cleaned out the well. When they visited it this morning they took out with the bailer several gallons of the pure crude and found the rope to be saturated with oil to the height of about 60 feet. The inference from this is that they have found the oil bearing rock though it is possible that it may be simply a heavy sand. The depth at which this sand was found is about 1,720 feet. It cannot be disputed that the prospects of the Haskell well yet proving to be a fair well are decidedly encouraging but the result is not sufficiently assured to cause much excitement. That the oil is there in sufficient quantity to warrant the rigging and pumping of the well and further developments in this section are certainly beyond question and the Haskell well no longer bears the stigma of being a "dry hole." If they find no more sand a fair well is assured, though it may be necessary to torpedo it to force its production, which is certainly no unusual resort in much older and more favored territory.

Home Influences.

President Roosevelt, in addressing the Mothers' Congress the other day, pointed out the evils of divorce and reiterated his favorite declaration that home is the foundation of our national life. In opening his address he said:

"In our modern industrial civilization there are many and grave dangers to counterbalance the splendors and the triumphs. It is not a good thing to see cities grow at disproportionate speed relatively to the country; for the small land owners, the men who own their little homes, and therefore to a very large extent the men who till the farms, the men of the soil, have hitherto made the foundation of lasting national life in every State; and if the foundation becomes either too weak or too narrow the superstructure, no matter how attractive, is in imminent danger of falling.

"But far more important than the questions of the occupation of our citizens is the question of how their family life is conducted. No matter what that occupation may be, as long as there is a real home and as long as those who make up that home do their duty to one another, to their neighbors and to the State, it is of minor consequence whether the man's trade is plied in the country or the city, whether it calls for the work of the hands or for the work of the head.

"But the nation is in a bad way if there is no real home, if the family is not of the right kind, if the man is not a good husband and father, if he is brutal or cowardly or selfish, if the woman has lost her sense of duty, if she is sunk in vapid self-indulgence or has let her nature be twisted so that she prefers a sterile pseudo-intellectuality to that great and beautiful development of character which comes only to those whose lives know the fullness of duty done, of effort made and self-sacrifice undergone."

The Big Minstrel Show.

Gus. Sun, the well known minstrel magnate, and his superb company of burnt cork artists are scheduled to appear at the Smethport Lyceum. The company this season is without question the finest organization of its kind in the minstrel world. There is nothing with the show that is old except the name. Every feature, song, dance or act is new and ahead of the times. The program is the most complete and superb ever offered by a minstrel company. Among a few of the prominent features we mention Giles W. Harrington, the Mansfield of minstrelsy. Crawford and Finning in their great musical act. Especial mention should be made of the eccentric dancing of Elliot & West, who showed the patrons of shows what was needed to convulse an audience with laughter. Without a doubt the Great Kylers' high wire cycle act defies the laws of gravitation and it is really marvelous; Bros. Spaulding, Parisian novelty artists, the only act of its kind in the world; the singing contingent: Ed Rice, basso; James Barardi, robusto tenor; Clarence Stonacher, baritone; and an exceptionally strong chorus. The scenery is a new departure entitled "A City of Splendor," resplendent with electrical and mechanical effects. Amid the singing and warbling of birds in a bower of a thousand dew-bedecked flowers thousands of mellow lights are flashed upon the gorgeous scene. The costumes are of the most elaborate of silks, satins and laces. The parade which will occur at noon, is the neatest and best dressed in the history of minstrelsy. Any person witnessing the performance who is not satisfied can secure the admission fee by applying at the box-office before 9 p. m. This certainly is a guarantee sufficiently strong to satisfy any doubting Thomases. There will be no advance in prices nor will any person be permitted to speculate in tickets at the expense of the public. At Lyceum, Saturday evening.

"Joshua Simpkins."

The sensational rural comedy drama, "Joshua Simpkins," will be produced at The Lyceum, Wednesday, March 22. The play contains an interesting and intelligible plot, but it is not allowed to interfere with the fun, which is said to be in abundance. During the run of the play some startling scenes and situations are seen, the principal of which is said to be the country saw mill in the third act, shown in complete operation cutting up real timber. The saw used is the genuine article, the same as usually seen in large country saw mills. An excellent band and fine orchestra accompany this attraction. The band will parade at noon, when some good music may be looked for, all musicians being dressed as farmers.

Barred Plymouth Rock Eggs for Hatching.

Winners the last 2 years at Olean, N. Y., shows. Pens headed by nice sized males and pullets that are bred for egg production. Per setting $1.50.

Carl and R. C. Sasso,

I am offering for sale pure ground buckwheat flour made at Kinzua mills from buckwheat raised on my own farms; also pure maple syrup, at $1.00 per gallon, in one gallon cans, made in sugar bush of A. G. Abbey. D. C. Young, Smethport, Pa.

BEYOND HIS MEANS

By EVERETT HOLBROOK

Copyright, 1904, by Frederick R. Toombs

THE brief advertisement stated that an unfurnished apartment, "rent very reasonable," was to be had at a certain address. The locality was not remote from fashionable regions, but was itself somewhat on the decline. Mr. Bransfield had a fair mental picture of it showing a row of small, old style buildings between more modern structures adjoining the avenues. Possibly a young man in hard luck and condemned to the severest economy might find something suitable to his means.

The street seemed to have improved, however, when Bransfield came to it, or was the difference in his own pocket?

The last time that he remembered having passed that way was in May. He was then the local manager of the Farrell Aluminium company, with a salary of $500 a month and fat commissions, and, though he had just lost nearly all his savings in an unwise investment, he certainly did not feel poor. But in October there wasn't any Farrell Aluminium company on earth and hadn't been any since the grand smashup of early June, and Edgar Bransfield was manager of nothing, with a salary of nothing and no commissions.

He had never sought employment before. He had been thrust into the aluminium company immediately upon leaving college and for eight years had climbed from one round of the ladder to the next. Suddenly the ladder itself had vanished, leaving him standing with both feet planted on the empty air. He had been hopeful at first, then perplexed and finally scared. His faith in himself as a business man was unimpaired, but he had discovered that there was one commodity which he did not know how to sell—namely, his own services.

At the time when he went in search of an unfurnished room—to be fitted up with a few odds and ends rescued from the aluminium company's offices—he was considering an offer of a position with a salary that would just fall short of paying his board in the house where he had been living; hence the need of a change in his arrangements.

As he walked along the street he was grieved to discover that the number mentioned in the advertisement designated was one of the best kept and most attractive buildings. It looked like a nice place to live, but not for Edgar Bransfield. He would have preferred to see a somewhat shabby exterior.

His own exterior, by the way, was anything but shabby. He was wearing a suit of clothes so good that he had been tempted that morning to pawn it, but had passed sentence upon his dress clothes instead and had obtained a loan of $7 upon them. He still had a small sum in a bank, but had resolved that it should not be less until he had taken employment promising an income in excess of his expenses.

He looked up at No. 37 and observed a push button labeled "Janitor," but when he had ascended the steps he hesitated. After all, why ring the bell? A mere glance inside would satisfy him that the building contained no room at the proper price, and he might be spared a petty humiliation.

As he stood irresolute in the hall a young gentleman came in hurriedly and called out, "Hello, Allen!" but

A YOUTH IN SHIRT SLEEVES APPEARED.

apologized as soon as Bransfield turned to face him. Obviously there must be a bulky six footer named Allen among the tenants.

"Looking for the janitor?" inquired the young gentleman, pausing upon the stairs. And then, without waiting for a reply, he put his head over the banister rail and yelled "Jack!"

Instantly a youth in shirt sleeves and without a hat appeared from below as if shot up through a trapdoor. He had yellow hair in a wavy pompadour and bright blue eyes; upon the whole, a very uninvited and cheerful person to have about the house. Bransfield admired enthusiasm and despised a sour man in any station, yet he felt himself too nervous upon the present occasion to appreciate so prompt and startling a servitor.

"Right this way, sir," said the janitor and was halfway up the first flight of stairs before the words were fairly out of his mouth. Bransfield followed because he was ashamed to flee.

They ascended a second flight and turned toward the front of the house. Bransfield wished it had been the rear, for his mind was engaged in saving money. A lock clicked and a door swung open. He beheld a small room tastefully papered, having a hardwood floor as clean as a plate, a spotless ceiling and glass in the window washed to the point of invisibility.

"How much?" he began.

"Open plumbing, hot and cold water," said Jack. And Bransfield, looking over his shoulder, saw an alarmingly elegant bowl with gleaming spigots.

"I'll commit a small extravagance for this outfit," said he to himself. "Say eighteen a month."

"Always plenty of hot water here and in the bath," said Jack, opening a door.

"The bath!" echoed Bransfield.

"There's a tub that's big enough to swim in," said the janitor, with pride.

He crossed the room and pulled aside a curtain.

"This 'pourteor,'" said he, "stays if you want it. The tenant didn't take it away, and we threw it in. Now we'll look at the parlor."

"The parlor!" murmured Bransfield, putting his hand to his forehead.

He passed the "pourteor" and entered a very cheery room as neat as the other and exceedingly attractive.

"Steam heat," said Jack, "and a nice grate if you like to use it. Here's a locker where you can keep a bit of soft coal, or I'll bring it up from the cellar as you need it. Either way will suit me."

"My young friend"—began Bransfield sadly, but the sprightly janitor interrupted him.

"Telephone connections," said he, touching some stubs of wire that protruded from the wall. "Most gentlemen want a telephone these days, but, of course, you don't have to have it."

Bransfield could not think of anybody whom he should ever care to call up unless it might be the commissioner of public charity, yet he viewed the wires with a melancholy interest.

Jack darted a glance at him and mistook the symptoms. He compressed his lips, hitched up his trousers and doubled his enthusiasm.

"They may look a little bare with nothing in 'em," said he, "but when you get all your stuff in here and fixed up nice—couches and hangings and pictures and all that—I tell you it will look out of sight."

Bransfield slowly shook his head.

"Yes, it will," persisted Jack. "You ought to see Mr. Allen's rooms. They're just like these, only they're at the back. Come on, he'll let you look at 'em. He'll be glad to. And then you'll see what you can do with these."

"Couldn't think of it—impossible—perfect stranger," protested Bransfield. But Jack was already in the hall.

Bransfield took a last regretful look at the elegant little sitting room which could never be his and made a lingering and wistful exit. Immediately he was aware of a big handsome fellow in a dinner coat who stood by an open door at the other end of the hall.

"What does he look like, Jack?" he demanded in a heavy, deep toned voice which he had tried to suppress to a whisper. And then he caught sight of Bransfield in the broad light from the doorway. "Certainly," he cried. "Delighted. Come in, won't you?"

The manner of this invitation was most flattering, involving the instant recognition which a gentleman values, especially after three months of such humiliations as attend the dreary process of looking for a "job." Bransfield permitted himself to be ushered into an apartment which was a man's room at the first glance, full of such things as a fellow of sprit gathers and values, having the simplicity and directness of the old college style, with gleanings from the broader world harmoniously added.

"Upon my word," said Allen, "this is too good to be true. You must understand," he added, "that I'm more or less of a crank. I take strong likes and dislikes, and, really, if you could have seen your predecessor"—

"He was pretty loud for fair," said Jack. "I always spoke well of him while he was here, but he was a whole band wagon; that's what he was."

Allen raised his right forefinger with an almost imperceptible gesture, which had an immediate and beneficial effect upon the too exuberant janitor.

"I think I heard the bell, sir," said he. "I'll be back in a jiffy."

"Now, mind," said Allen, closing the door, "we can train that boy up to the level of the ideal. As for taking care of the rooms, there never was his equal, and his cheerfulness is worth $10 off the rent. But he's been spoiled." And Allen frowned in the direction of the front rooms.

"I am afraid you may be disappointed in me as a neighbor," said Bransfield. "I am not Stealthy Foot, the human mouse. I make some noise once in a while."

"It isn't what a man does; it's what he is," responded Allen. "You may celebrate the Fourth of July every day in the year if you feel like it. Your predecessor's loudness was not so much audible as visible. He wore an automobile lamp on the third finger of each hand, and all his acquaintances were out of town customers whom he used to hold firmly by the arm as he led them upstairs. The air was full of dollar signs after they had passed."

"No such nimbus has surrounded me," said Bransfield, "since the Farrell company"—

"By jingo!" exclaimed Allen. "You're Edgar Bransfield of that aluminium concern. A fellow pointed you out to me one day—classmate of yours. I'm a Cornell man, too; freshman when you were a senior, so of course you don't remember me. It's a pity that company of yours went up, but of course a fellow of your reputation wouldn't have any difficulty in making another connection."

"The fact is," stammered Bransfield, "I—I haven't done it yet, and perhaps that's why I'm feeling economical."

"Quite so," responded Allen. "But, after all, those rooms are good enough. I don't see anything in this extravagant living. Why pay for a lot of elevators and uniformed lackeys and other frills that are mere nuisances? You'll be far better contented in a quiet place like this at fifty a month."

"Fifty," said Bransfield. "Very moderate, of course. Yet"—

"I'll tell you what!" cried Allen. "Come around to the club and dine with me, and we'll talk it all over."

"I'm not in dress," pleaded Bransfield. "I haven't been going out much. All my evening clothes are packed away."

"Confound the clothes! Or see here! Fellows from one college, and all that, you understand, we're built as near alike as my two thumbs. I can fit you out from collar to shoes. Your hat's all right. It'll save a lot of time."

During the brief walk to the club, however, he recovered his self command, and he resolved to give Allen a complete statement of the situation

BRANSFIELD WAS INTRODUCED TO COLONEL AUSTIN MILLER.

while they were dining, but just as he began this painful recital two men paused beside the table, and Allen introduced his guest, with the result that the four ate together with great good fellowship. Bransfield could not summon up courage to proceed with his story in the presence of so numerous an audience, and afterward when they had adjourned to the billiard room the situation was no better.

In the course of the game which followed Bransfield noticed that Allen exhibited a certain uneasiness and that he frequently glanced toward the door. The entrance of a tall, florid man of fifty years relieved the tension; obviously it was he for whom Allen had been waiting.

Between shots Bransfield was introduced to Colonel Austin Miller, and in the next interval Colonel Miller said:

"Mr. Allen tells me that you were with the Farrell company."—

"Yes," said Bransfield; "yes."

Before he could say more it was his turn to play. He ran half a dozen and marked them up.

"Our young friend informs me that you are about to make another connection," said Colonel Miller.

A cold sweat broke out on Bransfield's brow. He perceived that Allen had recommended him to Colonel Miller and that he ought to say or do something to help the good work along. What, oh, what?

A hint by his own remembrance but his own choices were in such bad shape that he shied wide.

"From what Mr. Allen tells me," said Colonel Miller, "I think it might be worth while for you and me to have a talk before you make a decision."

"The fact is," Bransfield began, and just then Allen's face flew intervened.

"The fact is," said Allen, but Bransfield did not wait to hear what it was. When he finished his inning Colonel Miller handed him a card.

"If those other people are pressing you for an answer," said he, "perhaps you'd better see me tomorrow forenoon—the Miller Kirkwall company."

"Thank you," said Bransfield. "This is really kind. You see, I"—

"Your shot!" interposed Allen in his thundering bass.

Bransfield studied the position, trying to steady his nerves meanwhile. Then he missed by a long inch. When he turned Colonel Miller had disappeared.

"I sent him away," said Allen. "I was afraid you might thank him again. Why the deuce should you thank him? He's been having a confounded hard time to find a good man, as I happen to know. Now he's found one, and the tickets for the ice cream soda are on him. They're not on you, and don't you forget that tomorrow morning. I told him what the Farrell company paid you, and it didn't frighten him a bit."

"How the deuce did you know what they paid me?" demanded Bransfield.

"I imagined it, by jingo!" exclaimed Allen. "A hundred a week and commissions. Is that enough?"

"Saints of paradise!"

"Now, will you take those rooms?"

"I may not land him," Bransfield began.

"Land him? I've landed him. Now let's go home and break the good news to Jack."

Her Fate.

Mrs. De Work—I have trained my eldest daughter into a thorough housekeeper. There is nothing she does not know. Miss De Flight—What a nice, handy maiden aunt she will make for your other daughters' children!

Her Excuse.

Mistress—Don't deny it, Bridget. I saw you permit that policeman to kiss you last evening. Bridget—Well, ma'am ye wouldn't have me be locked up for resistin' an officer, would ye?—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Vital Spot.

"My goodness!" Mrs. McTalker was shot by a burglar last night!"

"Did he hit her in a vital spot?"

"Well—er—yes. The bullet lodged in her jaw."—Cleveland Leader.

Contrary Winds.

Tommy looking over the weather predictions)—Mamma, what is a contrary wind? Mrs. Tucker (putting another pin or two in her hat)—Any wind, Tommy.—Chicago Tribune.

KISSING AND BLUE LAWS.

A Flagrant Breach of the Peace Committed in 1660.

In the judicial records of the colony of New Haven, now the state of Connecticut, the following entry, made in the court of the governor of the colony, appears regarding a flagrant breach of the peace committed May 1, 1660: Sarah Tuttle went to Mistress Murline's house for some thread and Mistress Murline bid her go to her daughters in the other room. Whereupon her son, Jacob Murline, came in and took her or took away Sarah's gloves. She desired him to give her the said gloves, which he answered he would do if she would give him a kysse. Upon which they sat down together, his arm being around her waiste and her arm upon his shoulder or about his necke, and he kyssed her and she kyssed him or they kyssed one another for about the space of half an hour, which Marian Murline now in court affirmed to be so.

Jacob was asked what he had to say to these things, to which he answered that he thought that Sarah had accorded for all her gloves when he came into the room and that he took them up and told her he would give him them if so be that she would kysse him. But Sarah hereupon testified that she did not let her gloves fall with intent. Further said Jacob that he broke her by the hand and they both set down upon a chest, but whether he kyssed her or she kyssed him he knows not, for he never thought of it since until Mr. Raymond spoke to him at Mismatos and told that he had not layde it to heart as he ought. But hereupon testified Sarah that she did not kysse him, but being questioned would say not as to whether he had kyssed her or no.

Mr. Tuttle testified that Jacob had endeavored to steal away his daughter's affections. But hereupon Sarah testified that he had not so stolen her said affections. The governor told Sarah that her misdeed is the greatest; that a virgin should be so bold in the presence of others to carry it as she had done, for though that part of the kyssing is denied yet much is proved. Sarah confessed that she was sorry that she had carried it so sinfully and foolishly, which she saw to be hateful. She hoped that God would help her to carry it better for time to come. The governor also told Jacob that his carriage hath been very evil and sinful and to make such a light matter of it as not to think of it doth greatly aggravate.

Whereupon the court declared that we have heard in the publique ministry that it is a thing to be lamented that young people should so misconduct themselves. As for Sarah, her misdeeds are very great that she should carry it in such an unevil, immodest manner as hath been proven. And for Jacob, his carriage hath been very corrupt and sinful, such as brings reproach upon his family and place. The sentence therefore concerning them is that they shall pay either of them as a fine 20 shillings to the colony."—Chicago News.

Answering the Critics.

Some members of the congregation of the late Dr. Joseph Brown of Glasgow objected to his frequent absence from home and complained of it—some of them to him personally and more of them behind his back. When he thought he had heard enough of it, he addressed his congregation one Sunday thus:

"With regard to objection concerning my absence, I have to say, first, when I am out of the pulpit I am usually in some other body's pulpit. When you are not in your own pew are you in some other body's pew? Second, when I am out of my pulpit I put some other body into it. When you are out of your pew do you put some other body into it? Third, when I am out of my pulpit I sometimes get better men than myself to fill it, and you have a chance of hearing the leading preachers in the church, and sometimes I get worse men than myself to fill it, and the chance of hearing them ought to make you thankful for your mercies."

The Wisdom of Being Big.

Why don't I carry my lunch in a bag? Because if I satisfy my modest hunger at a hotel there is not a man in the room who is not eating at my cost. Two shillings' worth of cold beef is eaten, sixpenny worth by me and eighteen pennyworth by him, and we each pay a shilling.

When I meet some grenadier of a woman on the dressmaker's staircase, I keep the whole panels of her dress are open. Her gloves and her boots cost her manners than mine cost me.

An overdressed creature sits in front of me at the theater. He sees the piece, and I see him. And we pay the same. It is a great injustice. In the day of fixed prices it is well to be big. The necessaries of life are pooled and the value averaged per head of the population.—Lady Tico in "Helen of Troy, N. Y."

They Got No Bread.

Antoinette de Bourbon, the mother of the Guises, had in addition to her other fine qualities great good sense. One example of the discipline to which she subjected the young Guises indicates that had there been more mothers like her in her class there would have been less of ruthless extravagance on the part of the royalty and nobility of France.

The young nobles were out hunting and rode through fields which had been sown with corn. The duchess heard of it. That evening, according to the tradition preserved at Joinville, there was no bread on the table.

The princes at once asked for bread, astonished at such negligence in this well ordered household.

"My children," replied Antoinette, "it is necessary to economize flour since you have destroyed the future harvest."

A Long Sentence of Six Letters.

Here is a sentence of thirty-two words which some ingenious person has constructed of the six letters found in the word "maiden": "Ida, a maiden; a mean man named Ned Dean, and Media, a mad dame, made me mend a die and dime and mind a mine in a dim den in Maine."

ANIMAL PECULIARITIES.

Fish and Crabs That Can Imitate Their Surroundings.

Many insects, birds, animals and even fish and crabs are wonderfully clever imitators. They will take upon themselves the color, shape or position of their surroundings so perfectly that neither friend nor enemy can discover their whereabouts.

There is a crab to be seen in the kelp beds about the island of Santa Catalina which has a clever way of making itself invisible. The body is slender, with a pointed head and prominent eyes. Along the back is a row of tubercles from which is the dorsal fin, while opposite the anal fin is equally ornamented. The fish vary in color. Some are amber, others orange or vivid green, while some have two hues combined, dark and light green or olive and yellow. These peculiarities of form and color render the fish marvelously like the kelp leaves among which it seeks protection.

A number of these fish were placed in the tanks of the zoological gardens, where they might be observed. They showed great uneasiness, some of them even leaping from the tank. Another tank was prepared, where the natural surroundings of the fish were imitated as nearly as possible. A branch of macrocystis, with leaves hanging in the water, was suspended over the tank. The most uneasy of the fish were placed in the new home, and their change of feeling was soon evident. One swam at once to the kelp leaves and poised itself head downward. Another, with head poised upward, became a remarkable imitation of the hanging leaves in shape and color. The fish made no further effort to escape.

Another inhabitant of the kelp beds is an olive green crab, which clings to the under side of the kelp tangles. This crab also showed great uneasiness when it was placed in a tank. When the kelp was introduced it crawled upon it, and was at once almost invisible, so much did it resemble the kelp leaves. Another crab inclined itself look exactly like a rough stone. When it is alarmed it draws up its legs and appears a bit of inanimate stone.

Several deep sea spiders which had been found at a depth of 800 feet were kept in a tank for several weeks. When taken from the dredging net they were a dark brown, though presumably the spot where they came from was so dark that they could scarcely have been seen. Yet even this type of apparently sluggish life had sufficient intelligence to realize that in the light of the tank it was a conspicuous object, so it began to add seaweed to its back. The seaweed was plucked, then passed to the mouth and finally attached not to the back, but to the point of the shell above the mouth, so that it fell over the back like a gorgeous plume, making the crab very conspicuous. But when it was startled the plume of seaweed would point upward and the crab would become a rock with a tuft of seaweed growing upon it, well calculated to deceive the most observing enemy.—New York Herald.

Did Not Go to Roost.

A matter of fact mind, like Mrs. Salter's, is a comfort to the person who has it and a never ending delight to the person's friends.

"I suppose you went to bed with the chickens while you were away," said one of the neighbors after Mrs. Salter had returned from her vacation visit to a farm.

"No, indeed," said Mrs. Salter indignantly. "They were very neat, quiet people, though they've never had city advantages. We had rooms to the front of the house, on the second story, and the chickens slept somewhere at the back of the house. We never saw them after sunset, and we were there nearly three weeks. I am sure farming people are often more particular than we have been led to suppose."—Youth's Companion.

Not Old Age.

"Weel, John, how are you today?" asked a Scottish minister on meeting one of his parishioners.

"Gey weel, sir, gey weel," replied John cautiously, "gin it wasna for the rheumatism in the richt leg."

"Ah, John, be thankful, for there is no mistake you are getting old like the rest of us, and old age doesn't come alone."

"Auld age, sir," returned John, "I wonder to hear ye. Auld age has naething ta' dae wi't. Here's my ither leg just as auld, an' it's sound an' supple yet."

Hard Case For Wreckers.

Looking over the storm swept Pentland firth, with its dangerous rocks and fierce currents, I remarked to the Orkney pilot, "This must be a great place for wrecks."

"Wrecks, man!" he shouted. "There's mony a braw farm in Orkney got out o' wrecks, but the Brettish government has put a lighthoose here and a lighthoos there, and yon," pointing to the double lighthouse on the Skerries, "yon's twa. There is no chance of wrecks for a puir fisher body noo."—Cornhill Magazine.

Had a Long Ladder.

Little Dot (seeing some workmen on a tall spire)—Oh, mamma, there go some folks up to heaven. Mamma—Heaven is a long way above that steeple, my dear. Little Dot—I guess it is, 'cause they're taking a ladder up with them.

Stoicism Worthy of the Name.

Younger Sister—What is stoicism? Elder Sister—Stoicism is the ability to congratulate the fiancee of the man you wanted to marry without showing any disappointment.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

A torn jacket is soon mended, but hard words bruise the heart of a child.—Longfellow.

Absolutely Harmless. Cures on the Spot.

BROMO-PEPSIN

"NOTE THE WORD PEPSIN."

CURES Headache; Sleeplessness, Indigestion and Nervousness,

All Druggists, 10c, 25c and 50c.

LIVER TROUBLE CURED.

"A proprietary medicine that is not without honor in the city where it is made must be a good thing. In Mendon, N. Y., where Dr. David Kennedy lived and practiced for so many years, his new medicine is highly regarded and many wonderful cures have been wrought by it. There is Mr. Christopher Larsen, of that city, who says: "I was cured of kidney and liver trouble, and painter's colic, by Dr. Kennedy's new medicine called Cal-cura Solvent. It drove the disease out of my system, so it never came back. Nothing like Cal-cura Solvent to purify the blood." $1.00, all druggists; 6 bottles $5.00.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

CAPITAL - - $200,000.00
SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS - - $60,000.00

AUTHORIZED BY LAW

to act as Executor, Trustee, Administrator, Guardian, Assignee, Receiver and in all fiduciary capacities, both under court and personal appointment.

ACTS AS TRUSTEE

under mortgage, Registrar and Transfer Agent of Stocks and Bonds or Corporations.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits.
Business and Personal Accounts respectfully solicited

OFFICERS.

HENRY HAMLIN, President.
ORLO J. HAMLIN, Vice-President.
RALPH E. BURDICK, Secy. & Treas.
GUY McCOY, Asst. Treas.

DIRECTORS.

HENRY HAMLIN,
ORLO J. HAMLIN,
RALPH E. BURDICK,
FRED D GALLUP,
JOHN FORREST

E. W. JONES,

(Successor to F. H. Norris)

LIVERY & FEED STABLE

Bennett House Barn

First Class Rigs at Reasonable Prices.

Directly Opposite Court House

SMETHPORT, PA.

ACME MILL,

GREEN BROS., Props.

MY STOCK IS FRESH AND CONSISTS OF

Flour, Feed, Meal, Wheat, Corn Oats, Hay, Straw, Bran, Middlings, Hominy, Linseed Meal, Etc.

Goods Sold for Cash only and Delivered Promptly.

Water & Hill Sts. Smethport.

Rooney's is the Place

to buy a nice, sweet piece of

Fresh Salt or Smoked MEAT

whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for

Fruit and Vegetables

I am always headquarters.

J. F. ROONEY, Smethport, Pa.

Spring and Summer Styles

in Millinery are pretty and the best at reasonable prices are to be found at our store.

PATTERN HATS and DOMESTICS

In fact everything to please the ladies is shown. Give us a call.

Carrie Reilly Clark & Co.

REILLY BLOCK, SMETHPORT.

UNDERTAKING

AND

EMBALMING

IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR

SPECHT & SASSE

SMETHPORT, PA.

PATENTS

PROCURED AND DEFENDED. Send model, drawing or photo. for opinion as to patentability. Free advice, how to obtain patents, trade marks, copyrights, etc. IN ALL COUNTRIES. Business direct with Washington saves time, money and often the patent. Patent and Infringement Practice Exclusively. Write or come to us at 623 9th St., opp. United States Patent Office. WASHINGTON, D. C.

C.A.SNOW & CO.

To Make a Bride

Many a woman would make a beautiful bride but she is deterred from entering the married state because of ill-health.

$500 REWARD FOR WOMEN

WHO CANNOT BE CURED.

The proprietors and makers of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription now feel fully warranted in offering to pay $500 in legal money of the United States, for any case of Leucorrhea, Female Weakness, Prolapsus, or Falling of Womb which they cannot cure. All they ask is a fair and reasonable trial of their means of cure.

"If women would study the laws of health and use a little more resistance there would not be such a large number to-day suffering with the ills peculiar to our sex," writes Mrs. Sallie Martins (President Mutual Social Science Club), of 56 South Halsted Street, Chicago, Ill. "Then, when medicine is needed, if they would take the 'Favorite Prescription,' they would have a shorter to get well. I used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription three years ago and it cured me of female weakness of several years' standing, so I know what I am talking about when I praise it and always know what the result will be where it is used."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets should be used with "Favorite Prescription" whenever a laxative is required.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right.

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa

HORSESHOEING.

Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building, at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

C. J. VANBLAD.

THE BIG STORE.

THE UNIVERSAL BREAD MAKER

Mixes and Kneads Bread thoroughly **in 3 Minutes.**

Hands do not touch the dough.

Does away with hand Kneading and Makes Better Bread.

SIMPLE ✦ EASY ✦ SANITARY

SOLD BY

J. C. HAMLIN.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, March 16, 1905.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Consult Colegrove's new advertisement in this issue.

—Read Mrs. Mary L. Bisett's advertisement in another column.

—Miss Martha Brennan gave a linen shower for Miss Jessie Selover last Thursday evening.

—Now is the time for spring clothing. Rubin has something to say in regard to it in his space this week.

—Found, an I. O. O. F. button. Owner can have same by describing same and paying for notice at this office.

—Prill, the Bradford jeweler, is offering some great reductions in diamonds and watches for cash this week.

—"The Unavoidable" is the topic for next Sunday evening at the Methodist church. "A Barefoot Christian" is the morning topic.

—D. A. Welch, aged 27 years, dropped dead while talking to his parents last week in Condersport. Apoplexy was the cause of his death.

—Timothy Sullivan, a wealthy lumberman of Buffalo, and father of W. H. Sullivan of Austin, died on the Northern Pacific railroad March 2, while en-route home.

—Cobb, N. Y., has a firebug who seems determined to burn a section of that town. He has made two attempts within the past few weeks. The guilty party has been seen but not identified.

—In a B. R. & P. wreck near Butler Saturday night C. J. Wilkes, formerly of Bradford, was killed and others were seriously injured. The accident was caused by the breaking of an axle on the pony truck of the engine.

—Claude Sanborn, 20 years old, a Bradford young man who has "done time" in the penitentiary, was arrested in that city on Sunday on the charge of committing burglary at Salamanca and Angelica. He admitted to having committed burglaries in Bradford recently.

—Some people "blow in" their money in a promiscuously foolish manner and then howl lustily if they do not fare as well as their more sensible and conservative neighbors. The remedy is very simple; in plenty sow the seed and you will have when in need. Don't howl. Don't curse at fate. Mind your own business and live within your income and not on your expectations.—Ex.

Hard to Please.

"The only perfectly beautiful woman," said a well known sculptor, "must have been a goddess. I never saw a perfectly beautiful woman in my life, nor even heard of the existence of one. As for Cleopatra, a learned Englishman has discovered in some ancient gossip written on papyrus that she had the foxy red hair and the freckled skin of all the Ptolemy family and was obliged to resort to hair dyes and cosmetics to keep up her reputation for looks. But perhaps the severest shock to the feelings is to learn that Mary, queen of Scots, actually squinted, and that Mme. Du Barry wore a set of false teeth."

The Shrewmouse.

The smallest mammal in the British isle is the shrewmouse. This is not only the smallest British mammal, but, with the exception of one other of the same genus, the smallest in Europe. The harvest mouse is sometimes thought to be even smaller, but the length of its head and body is often two and one-half inches, while that of the lesser shrew is rarely more than two inches. The tail measures about one and one-third inches, and its teeth are so extremely small that a lens is required to detect them.

Deficient Ideas of Korea.

According to the Korean idiom, it is dishonoring to use "thou" or "he" of God. In speech Korean Christians are often heard to use "Ken yang ben" (that gentleman) in order to avoid the objectionable terms. Instead of saying, "He (God) says" they say "That gentleman says." Then the Korean language does not possess the article and has not idiom to represent terms like "faith," "love," "grace," "holiness," "justification," "truth" and "eternal life."—St. James' Gazette.

Courtesies of the Street.

A hansom cab driver had just picked up a fare and was driving furiously along a crowded street when the wheel of his cab just managed to graze a horse which a very thin youth was driving.

"Now, then, can't yer see me?" bawled out the latter angrily.

"No," was the reply; "yer whip's in front of yer."—London Tit-Bits.

How to Help the Dead Lady.

The following note of excuse was received by a New York city teacher one day:

Dear Teacher—Please excuse Emma for having been absent yesterday, as I had to take her with me to help an old lady who died and had no one to do her work.

A man of business may talk of philosophy; a man who has none may practice it.—Pope.

The Class of Fashion.

"Whenever you're puffed up like a toad and happen to be thinking pretty well of your personal appearance," muttered the man about town as he tried to remove a permanent spot from the sleeve of his coat, "just step into a high priced tailor's and survey yourself in a couple of those long mirrors they have—pier glasses, I think they call them—that show you up fore and aft. You'll come out with a chastened spirit. I don't know what it is about the deadly polished surface of those reflectors, but I do know that they reveal every imperfection until you're more than half tempted to throw a brick at them and clean out the shop. They make you look as if you'd never been shaved, as if the hair on your neck had been growing in riotous profusion since childhood, as if your hands weren't any too clean and as if your clothes had been made by mother while you waited. And if you're trying on a garment they're fashioning for you, although it's covered with pins, basting and chalk marks, the contrast between the thing and the trousers and shoes you're wearing makes you wish you were in a shirt with a train to it. As I said, I don't know just how to explain the effect produced. I've a notion it's a trick of the trade to drive you to ordering a brand new outfit. It generally sends me into a Turkish bath."—Providence Journal.

Mutilation.

That mutilation should ever have been adopted as a penalty by the Christian church one finds it difficult to believe, yet the ecclesiastical authorities inflicted it for comparatively trivial offenses, and several councils emphatically attempted to suppress it. Thus the thirteenth canon of the council of Meridin, in 666, deprived bishops and priests of the right of mutilating the servants of the church. The sixth canon of the council of Toledo, in 675, while forbidding bishops to exercise exclusive jurisdiction in offenses involving the capital penalty, also interdicted them from ordering mutilation of the limbs, even in the case of their own serfs, and ordained that bishops violating this law should be deposed, excommunicated and denied the last rites of the church when in articulo mortis. The eighteenth canon of the council of Frankfort, in 794, forbade abbots to blind or mutilate their monks whatever might be the offense.—Pearson's Weekly.

The Fishing Frog.

The fishing frog buries himself in the mud and lies partly concealed in weeds, where, with his huge mouth open, he fishes for his dinner. On the back of his head there are three spines, the longest of which he bends forward in front of his mouth, gently swaying it in the water. At last it attracts a young fish, which makes a spring for the supposed worm, when—snap—the mouth is closed and Mr. Fishing Frog has had his dinner. The archer fish catches his dinner in quite a different way. Just out of his reach on the leaf of a plant growing on the river's brink rests a fly, basking in the sunlight. Suddenly a little stream of water strikes it; it loses its balance and falls, only to be caught by the cunning little archer below.—Field and Stream.

The Earliest Mummers.

Mumming is derived from the Danish mumme, a mask, disguise, and took its origin from the ancient Roman Saturnalia. In early English times it was the custom to indulge in burlesque sports after dinner on Christmas day, when masked performers, called mummers, would disport before the assembled guests. This custom is still kept up in some parts of England, specially in Northamptonshire, where the villagers go about during the Christmas holidays from house to house, personating several ridiculous characters in their mock play.

Beliefs About Waves.

The Persians believe that the waves of the Persian gulf are caused by air entering caves which have subterranean outlets under the ocean. One of the most curious beliefs of all—one closely akin to a certain ancient oriental hell belief—is that of the south sea islanders. According to their notion, the rolling of the sea is caused by a "thunder god." In old times this "thunder god" killed the chief deity of the islands and was confined under the ocean as a punishment. His rolling with rage causes the waves.

Musical Fish of Ceylon.

Every bay and inlet on the coast of Ceylon abounds with musical fish. Their song, if it can be called a song, is not one sustained note like a bird's, but a multitude of tiny, soft, sweet sounds, each clear and distinct in itself, something like the vibrations of a wineglass when its rim is rubbed with the moistened finger. In the harbor at Bombay, India, there is a fish with a song like the sound produced by an aeolian harp.

One Qualification.

"Yes, my boy's got a position in a bank, and he's going to be president of that institution some day."

"Bright, eh?"

"Well, sir, he can sign his name so that no one can possibly make out the signature."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Rivaling the Twin.

Lottie—Oh, well, let's kiss and make up. Dottie—All right, dear. I'll do the kissing, but you've had more experience with the other part of the programme.—Cleveland Leader.

The Reason.

"To what do I owe the pleasure of meeting you here, Miss Snappy?"

"The fact that I did not see you coming, Mr. Sappy."—Houston Post.

Nothing can make a man truly great but being truly good.—Henry.

PISO'S CURE FOR

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.

Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

CONSUMPTION

25 CTS.

How Sculptors Work In Marble.

The artist makes a model first, not always life size, but almost none of them actually does the cutting in the marble. This work is intrusted to highly skilled artisans, who do the work under their direction, and the sculptors superintend all the finishing touches and even occasionally do some of the cutting on the face and hands. The actual cutting of the stone is a most difficult process and requires great expert skill. In case a full sized model is made the sculptor sends it to a professional marble cutter, who roughly shapes the block. The general shape is often given to the block before it leaves the marble yard to save the extra freight. The rough carving is then done by the marble cutter, who so shapes the block as to give it the general outline of the figure to be reproduced. He drills a series of holes in the block, the depth of each of which corresponds to an external point of the statue supposed to be inclosed in the stone. After a sufficient number of these holes have been made in the stone he removes the entire perforated portion, and what remains gives the broad lines of the statue.

The Head of More.

When the wise and witty Sir Thomas More was beheaded his head was stuck on a pole on London bridge, where it was exposed for fourteen days, much to the grief of his daughter, Margaret Roper, who resolved to secure it. "One day," says Aubrey, "as she was passing under the bridge, looking at her father's head, she exclaimed: 'That head has lain many a time in my lap. Would to God it would fall into my lap as I pass under!' She had her wish, and it did fall into her lap."

Probably she had bribed one of the keepers of the bridge to throw it over just as the boat approached, and the exclamation was intended to avert the suspicion of the boatmen. At all events, she got possession of it and preserved it with great care in a leaden casket until her death, and it is now inclosed in a niche in the wall of her tomb in St. Dunstan's church, Canterbury.—Notes and Queries.

Laughter and Worldly Success.

"Speaking of laughter, I have often wondered if the laughing man and the laughing woman really get along better in the world than the man and woman who do not laugh, or if they laugh at all, merely grin at some amusing thing," said the observant man. "I do not know, I am sure. Of course you will find that men and women of both types probably in your own acquaintance have been able to get along fairly well in the world. Laughter is no doubt good capital in a great many instances. It is equally true that the grim face, the sour look, I may say, has often proved a valuable asset. The which would seem to indicate that there is a time to laugh and a time not to laugh."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Franz Abt's Companion at Dinner.

Franz Abt, the famous composer, was strolling home one afternoon in Brunswick when he met a friend, who said to him:

"You seem very happy, dear fellow. Have you heard any good news?"

"Oh, no; I've just taken dinner," was the reply.

"You evidently enjoyed it. What did you have to eat?" continued the friend.

"A turkey," replied Abt.

"And how many were at table?" asked the other.

"There were only two of us," said Abt.

"Who was your companion?" inquired the friend.

"The turkey," replied Abt.

Men With Beards.

What a vast difference there is between one beard and another! There is the long, untrammeled beard, broad and thick, which the owner caresses as if it were an infant. Men with such beards may, I think, as a rule, be trusted rather more than other men. Can you imagine a Venetian doge or a member of the council of ten without a beard? I cannot. If you have seen a man of mark fondle his long beard during the processes of reflection you will be apt to wonder whether or not his mind would lose its equilibrium if he were in the night to be shaven clean.—All the Year Round.

Grocers Who Dressed in Colors.

In the early part of the fifteenth century it is recorded that the "grocers' guild appeared in livery of scarlet and green." A few years later scarlet and black was adopted. Funeral services of deceased members "were attended with much show of pageantry." At the burial of Sir Philip Skinner, who was a member of the grocers' guild, his worship the mayor, aldermen and other civic officials were present, "rydinge in purple."—London Telegraph.

The Basis.

Bank Clerk—No, madam, I am sorry, but we can't cash that check. Your husband's account is overdrawn. Mrs. Lamode—Oh, overdrawn, is it? I knew something was wrong when he signed it without waiting for me to go into hysterics.

Full Dress.

Irate Wife—That's the fifty-second falsehood you've told me this week. Unabashed Husband—Well, now, you can see what is meant by the expression "a pack of lies."—Pittsburg Post.

One Reason.

"Why should women be cooks instead of authors?" asks a Chicago woman's club leader. Well, for one reason it is more profitable.—Washington Post.

In Prussia the price of medicine is regulated by the state, a new price list being published every year.

Duff's COLLEGE

imparts a sound Business Education, giving young men and women a start in life, enabling them to earn a livelihood in this age of competition. No graduate of this institution ever at any time, was known to be out of employment. Write, Pittsburg, Pa. Free, Pittsburg, Pa.

The Quality That Counts.

The great prizes of life do not fall to the most brilliant, to the cleverest, to the shrewdest, to the most long headed or to the best educated, but to the most level headed men, to the men of soundest judgment. When a man is wanted for a responsible position his shrewdness is not considered so important as his sound judgment. Reliability is what is wanted. Can a man stand without being tripped, and, if he is thrown, can he land upon his feet? Can he be depended upon, relied upon under all circumstances, to do the right thing, the sensible thing? Has the man a level head? Has he good horse sense? Is he liable to fly off on a tangent or to "go off half cocked?" Is he "daffy?" Has he "wheels in his head?" Does he lose his temper easily or can he control himself? If he can keep a level head under all circumstances, if he cannot be thrown off his balance and is honest, he is the man wanted.—Success.

Russian Army Oddities.

Many, indeed, are the curious customs connected with the Russian army, says a writer in a London journal. For instance, none but giants are allowed in the Preobrashenski body guard regiment. To the Ismallowski regiment none but fair men are admitted, while a turned up nose is the qualifying adornment of the Pawlow guards. The Guards cuirassiers, on the other hand, are composed exclusively of dark haired men. Then, too, the distinction between officers of the guards and those serving in line regiments is most marked, a guard lieutenant until recently taking precedence over a captain of the line. Furthermore the pay of infantry officers in line regiments is ludicrously small. What the infantry private's lot is can better be imagined than described.

Tar and Feathers in 1189.

In England the penalty of tar and feathers was introduced in 1189, when Richard I., before setting out for the Holy Land, ordained, in order to preserve the discipline of his fleet, that whosoever should be convicted of theft should first have his head shaved; that boiling pitch should then be poured upon it, and a cushion of feathers (le plume d'oreillers) shaken over it. He was afterward to be put on shore at the first place the ship touched at, though, after a baptism of boiling pitch, the poor wretch would have little life left in him. In modern times the practice has found favor with the populace as a means of readily executing justice on an offender whom the law perhaps shows no anxiety to reach.—London Mail.

Wasted Time.

"Many a man," said Uncle Eben, "wastes time in dis life tryin' to push somebody to de rear when he ought to be tryin' to git ahead on his own account."—Washington Star.

There is no instinct like that of the heart.—Byron.

A BROKEN PROMISE

is bad for the breaker, no matter what business he is in. When we promise to do a job of

PLUMBING

for you, we would no more break our word than we would jump in the river. These two things we pride ourselves on; thoroughness and promptness. We don't know whether we ought to be proud of our small bills. But will leave you to judge.

EDGAR W. STRONG,

ROOM 7 P. O. BLOCK Smethport.

C. A. BURDICK

Dealer in the following high-grade pianos:

The A. B. Chase, The Van Dyke, Bush & Gerts, Story & Clark, Pinkard, and Malcolm Love.

Wheeler & Wilson, Domestic and other Sewing Machines.

Also representing the Michigan Mutual Life Insurance Co., Standard Life and Accident Insurance Co. and Eleven of the largest Fire Insurance Companies in the United States.

C. A. BURDICK,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

Palmer & Vickery

LIVERY, FEED & SALE STABLE

FOR SALE,

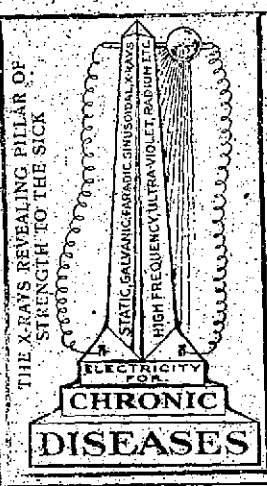
Horses, Carriages, Wagons, Harness, Etc. Cutters and Robes

Smethport - Penn

March 5, 1903.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50 and $1.00 at Druggists.


THE X-RAYS REVEALING PILLAR OF STRENGTH TO THE SICK
STATIC, GALVANIC, FARADIC, SINUSOIDAL, X-RAYS, HIGH FREQUENCY, ULTRA-VIOLET, RAPHUN ETC.
ELECTRICITY FOR
CHRONIC
DISEASES

J. W. KING, M. D.

CHRONIC DISEASES A SPECIALTY

BRADFORD, PENNSYLVANIA.

SPECIAL FACILITIES for the Treatment of Cancer, Tuberculosis, Lupus, and other ailments rebellious to medical and surgical means. The oldest X-Ray and Electrical Laboratory, for the purpose of diagnosis and treatment of diseases, in Western Pennsylvania.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.25.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, methport, Pa.

Brasted's BAKERY IS THE PLACE FOR PIES,

COOKIES, CAKES, BREAD, ETC.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, March 61, 1905.

Announcement.

FOR SHERIFF.

TO THE PUBLIC:—I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Sheriff of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican party at the county primaries.
BURT MCALLISTER.

Bradford, Jan. 2, 1905.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of Sheriff of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican party at the county primaries.
GEORGE W. MITCHELL.

Smethport, Jan. 4, 1905.

FOR PROTHONOTARY.

EDITOR MINER:—You are hereby authorized to announce my name as a candidate for Prothonotary of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, subject to the Republican primaries.
SAMUEL E. BELL.

Smethport, Jan. 23, 1905.

TO THE EDITOR:—I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the position of Prothonotary of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican party at the primaries, March 25.
J. L. JOHNSON.

Bradford, Pa., Feb. 22, 1905.

FOR RECORDER OF DEEDS

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the nomination of Recorder of Deeds, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.
H. M. CHOATE.

Smethport, Pa., Jan. 23, 1905.

REGISTER OF WILLS.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the nomination of Register of Wills and Clerk of the Orphans' Court of McKean County, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.
JOHN B. EASTMAN.

Smethport, Jan. 30, 1905.

CLERK OF COURTS.

EDITOR MINER:—I hereby announce myself a candidate for Clerk of the Courts of General and Quarter Sessions and Oyer and Terminer of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.
W. B. MORRISON.

Smethport, Feb. 7, 1905.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.

EDITOR MINER:—I hereby announce myself a candidate for reelection to the office of County Commissioner, subject to the decision of Republican voters at the primaries.
JOHN A. PETERSON.

Bradford, Pa., Jan. 23, 1905.

EDITOR MINER:—I hereby announce myself a candidate for reelection to the office of County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries.
GEORGE GRIFFITHS.

Kane, Pa., Jan. 23, 1905.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for County Commissioner of McKean County, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.
C. A. DUKE.

Duke Centre, Pa., Feb. 20, 1905.

EDITOR MINER:—I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the position of County Commissioner of McKean County, subject to the decision of the Democratic party at the primaries.
W. P. WALSH.

Smethport, Pa., March 14, 1905

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

The MINER is authorized to announce H. S. Rogers of Port Jewett as a candidate for District Attorney, subject to the usages of the Republican party.

EDITOR MINER:—I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the nomination for the office of District Attorney of McKean county subject to the decision of the voters at the Republican primaries.
GUY B. MAYO.

Smethport, Feb. 4, 1905.

FOR COUNTY AUDITOR.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the nomination of County Auditor, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.
OSCAR ERGSTROM.

Smethport, Pa., Jan. 24, 1905.

STATE DELEGATE.

TO THE EDITOR:—I hereby announce myself a candidate for the position of Delegate to the Republican State Convention, subject to the decision of the Republicans of McKean county at the coming primaries.
THOMAS B. WILSON.

Bradford, Pa., Feb. 14, 1905.

THE strike in New York on the elevated and subway roads has utterly failed.

MRS. CHADWICK has been found guilty on the charge of conspiracy to defend the United States by conspiring to procure the certification of checks on a national bank when there were no funds in the bank to her credit. She was found guilty on seven counts. Under the law she can be fined $10,000 and 2 years imprisonment on each count.

NINETEEN persons were burned to death in a fire which destroyed the five story tenement house at 105 Allen street New York, early Tuesday morning. More than 40 were injured and only a few of the sleeping inmates escaped uninjured. Several of those who perished were roasted to death in plain view of thousands in the streets. Coroner Goldenkranz declared he had reason to believe the blaze was the work of an incendiary.

IT has been finally decided to build a new building at the national capital for the use of Congress. The building as finally designed is gigantic. Its front on B street will be 476 feet, on New Jersey avenue 470 feet, on C street 348 feet and on First street 452 feet. It is to occupy the entire square lying southeast of and diagonally opposite the capitol. It will be three stories in height and when completed will contain 436 offices, which are to be forever dedicated to the use of members of the house of representatives.

In this issue appears the announcement of W. P. Walsh as a candidate for County Commissioner subject to the decision of the Democratic party. For the last 25 years Mr. Walsh has been a resident of this county, having been an honored resident and business man of this borough the greater part of that time. In all his business dealings he has been honorable and successful and he is possessed of the qualification which makes him an excellent County Commissioner. He is public spirited and has worked untiringly for the best interests of this borough and the county generally. Two years ago last fall he was elected to the position of County Commissioner and his record in that office perfectly justifies his asking reelection and the Democrats will make no mistake in granting his request.

EVERY law now on the statute books of Pennsylvania and which has been in existence for 50 years or more will be wiped out of existence, should a bill introduced in the House by Mr. Troxel of Lycoming, be enacted into law. The preamble to the bill recites that as the rapid growth of the State and its commercial industries and the consequent development of all lines has resulted in many new laws, a confusing state has arisen, rendering it difficult for the courts to decide certain points at times. There certainly is some merit to Mr. Troxel's bill.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON D. C., March 11, 1905

There is no doubt that a San Domingan treaty will be confirmed by the Senate but it will be so little like the original treaty first submitted as to be unrecognizable by its authors. The history of this case is somewhat curious. The Secretary of State, who has during his eight years management of the department achieved such a reputation as a diplomatist, was ill and away from the department during the San Domingan negotiations. An Assistant Secretary or shall we say a journeyman in diplomacy bungled the job. The President who thinks more of results than of verbiage and whose time was much occupied with other matters permitted the paper to go to the Senate as presented and it is probable that he is as grateful as he should be for the careful scrutiny and amendment that it has received from that body of lawyers and strict constructionists.

The death after three days illness of the venerable Senator Bates of Tennessee is so far the most conspicuous fatality of Inauguration day exposure. There are many other less notable victims. It is impossible under usual fourth of March weather conditions that there shall not be many deaths from grippe, pneumonia and other diseases from exposure. When one remembers that a simple vote of Congress might change the day of Inauguration from chilly and boisterous March the fourth to sunny April thirteenth, the day on which the first President was sworn in, it is impossible to regard Congress as other than guilty of manslaughter through laches. On every fourth of March at the Inauguration ceremonies hundreds of thousands of people unaccustomed to exposure are in the weather from five to ten hours, often without food and it cannot be otherwise than that many of them must succumb.

There is much interest in Washington and there will be more or less interest in the country in the enterprise of building a great Convention Hall in the National Capitol. There is no city in the country more eligible or desirable for great conventions than Washington. The Capitol, the National Library, the National Museum, the great Department buildings, the White House, Mount Vernon, Arlington, the Washington Monument are only some of the attractions of interest to patriotic Americans but there is no great meeting house. Congress at the session which just closed voted to present the city of Washington the United States exhibit building which now stands in the St. Louis Fair grounds. The frame work is of iron and it is calculated that it can be transported to Washington at an expense of not more than $20,000, and completely rebuilt at an estimated expense of less than half a million dollars. It will make an admirable place for Inaugural balls and for other great assemblies.

It is expected that Washington will at some distant day have another Art gallery, the gift of Mr. Freer a multi-millionaire and an art connoisseur like Mr. W. W. Corcoran to whose beneficence in art and charity the National Capitol is so much indebted. If, as it is said the financial centre of the world is shifting from London to New York, why may we not expect in time that the art centre will shift from Paris to Washington? Senator Clark of Montana has now on exhibition in the Corcoran Art Gallery over two hundred and fifty of the Chefs d'oeuvres of modern painters and owing to the great and increasing wealth of the United States there are no doubt millions of dollars in paintings and sculpture that will gravitate or shift from private galleries to the great public galleries where their refining and ennobling influence will be felt by the largest number.

The National Congress of Mothers is now in session in Washington and delegates from twenty states in the Union have been registered. The greatly increased number of Mother's Clubs represented indicates the growing strength of the organization which has for its object education and welfare of children of all classes. The Congress will be in session ten days and will be addressed by some of the best known educators in the country. Professor Stanley Hall, the author of "Adolescence" will speak and Monday evening President Roosevelt will deliver an address on his favorite subject of "Race Suicide." The delegates will be received by Mrs. Roosevelt and will also be given a reception by Mrs. Henderson, wife of ex-Senator John B. Henderson. There will be a model kindergarden and nursery, the latter presided over by Mrs. DuBois, wife of Senator DuBois of Idaho.

The largest Congressional junkets of the summer will be one to the Philippines which is already under discussion. Secretary and Mrs. Taft will take a party including Alice Roosevelt, the eldest daughter of the President, and it is proposed to use one of the U. S. transports and make up a party composed of the persons mentioned, Speaker Cannon, and his daughter and a number of Senators and Representatives. The object of the party is to investigate all kinds of conditions in the Philippines in anticipation of tariff legislation affecting the Islands.

Rider Haggard, the novelist and author of the well known "She," has been in Washington investigating as an official commissioner from the English government the Salvation Army settlements in this country. He will visit the principal cities of this country during his tour of investigation. While here he has been entertained by the British Minister, Sir Mortimer Durand.

Republican Caucuses.

The Republican caucuses for primary elections will be held at the regular polling places in accordance with the rules of the Republican party of McKean county, Saturday, March 25, 1905, between the hours of 4 and 8 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of recommending and placing in nomination

One person for Sheriff,
One person for Prothonotary,
One person for Clerk of the Court of General and Quarter Sessions and Oyer and Terminer,
One person for Recorder of Deeds
One person for Register of Wills and Clerk of the Orphans' Court.
One person for District Attorney.
Two (2) persons for County Commissioners.
Two (2) persons for County Auditors.
Three (3) persons for Delegates to the State Convention.

And for the election in each election district of one person to serve as a member of the county committee for the ensuing year, and that the county convention be held in the court house in Smethport on Tuesday, March 28th, at 2 p. m., for the purpose of canvassing the vote of said caucuses, the election of a chairman of the county committee for the ensuing year and to transact such other business as may come before the convention.

GEO. PATON, Chairman.
HARRY M. WICK, Secretary.
Bradford, Pa., Feb. 20, 1905.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending March 11, 1905:

William Best, Belle Briggs, Mrs. Ed Birch, Peter Hanson, David San, Sr., Archie Williams.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

ALL THE LATEST IN PIECE GOODS FOR SUITS TO ORDER--UP-TO-DATE IN NIFTY STYLES. A FIT GUARANTEED. PLACE YOUR ORDER NOW FOR EASTER.

H. W. RUBIN, SMETHPORT, PENNA.
The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

Just Received From New York City at Store of D. C. Young

Fine assortment of New Spring Dress Goods, Fancy Goods and Notions. Newest things out in Wash Goods for Ladies' Wear. Also nice lot of Ladies' Shirt Waists for every day wear, at popular prices. Also a new lot of latest styles in Ladies' Fine Shoes. Call and examine same before purchasing elsewhere At same time do not forget to take a glance at our bargain counter where you can find many things that will interest you.

D. C. YOUNG
SMETHPORT, PA.
Feb. 6, 1905.

Go to E. W. Jones

and see his line of Farm Implements, Reapers, Mowers, Binders, Hay Rakes, Hay Tedders, Binding Twine, Land Rollers, Spring Tooth Harrows, Spike Tooth Harrows and Cultivators of all kinds, Hand and Horse Garden Tools, Buckeye Grain Drills, the best side hill Plow on the market, also Cambridge flat land Plows, Lawn Swings, Wagon Jacks, Page Woven Wire Fence.

International Stock Food and Heave Cure always on hand.

Fertilizers that will stand the test.

Heavy and Light Horses bought and sold.

New and second hand Buggies, Wagons, Surreys, etc., always for sale. In fact any thing you want call and see

E. W. JONES
THE LIVERY MAN
Main Street. SMETHPORT, PA.
Opp. Court House.

PLACE YOUR ORDER FOR
Fall and Winter
Clothing

with me. Have an up-to-date and complete line to select from and if you are thinking of getting a

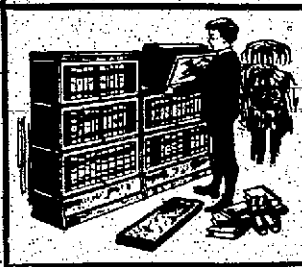
SUIT, OVERCOAT OR TROUSERS

made to order it will pay you to call and inspect my line before going elsewhere. Clothes cleaned and pressed promptly. A trial will convince you.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

G. W. Shillenn,
The Leading Tailor
Chadwick Block. Smethport.

McCOY'S DRUG STORE



Globe-Wernicke "ELASTIC" BOOKCASE with perfect end-locking device, perfection roller-bearing dust-proof doors. A perfect sectional bookcase for home or office. Call and see it, or send for catalogue.

H. C. WELLS
THE LEADING PHARMACIST
SMETHPORT, - PA.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT
And then go to
BROWNELL BROTHERS
Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of
DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS. BOOTS and SHOES.
AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE
FINEST GROCERIES
TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT
ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES

GROCERIES

As you know we have always carried a first-class line of groceries, but perhaps you do not know that we have in our store a fancy stock of groceries, fruits and nuts for the holidays. In this stock you will find all the table delicacies usually found in a large city store.

We also have the best oysters in town and they are always fresh.

Hagberg & Sherburne.

SHOES **THE LINDHOLM COMPANY** CARPETS

The New Silks.

Beautiful new Silks in the greatest variety we have ever shown are now on display, and a visit to our store will be of interest.

A fine line of Habutai and colored wash silks, the yard ..... .43

Better grades of wash silks which are intended for dresses in popular shirt waist suit design. An imported fabric, the yard ..... .89

Pean de Cygne in all the new shades for spring, also a line of checks which are very new, the yard ..... .69

Other New Attractions.

Dress Goods.

Mohair fancies
Mohair, plain in all leading shades.
Veilings.
Crepe de Chene.
Henrietta.
Batiste.

Dress Trimmings.
Laces.
Embroideries.
Belts.
Bags.
Great Variety of Neckwear.
Ladies and Misses' Spring Jackets and tailor-made Suits.
Rain Coats.

Special Bargain in 36-inch Black Taffeta.

Our buyer was in New York a few days ago and secured a very special price reduction on a lot of 36-inch taffetas. They are all guaranteed silks and are positively worth $1.40 the yard. As a special, commencing Saturday morning..... .98c

The Lindholm Company

HERE IS WHERE YOU MEET YOUR

MATCH

A THOUSAND FOR A

NICKEL

OR SIX THOUSAND FOR A

QUARTER

Come in and see a MATCHLESS MATCH BARGAIN

REDFIELD'S HARDWARE

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport, as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, March 16, 1905.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—St. Patrick's day to-morrow.

—Fry & Comes tell about corsets and waists in this issue.

—See Gus Sun's Minstrels at the Lyceum Saturday evening.

—Redfields Hardware advertises a match special this week.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. Horace H. Redfield on Sunday, March 11, 1905, a boy.

—Entirely new models in clothing, hats and shoes are advertised by Wm. Monheimer.

—Carpenters are making some improvements in the shelving of H. W. Rubin's shoe store.

—Rev. Howard T. Stewart of Lansdale, will supply the Baptist church pulpit on Sunday next.

—Mrs. Angelina Burdick, a pioneer of Potter county, died at Keech, Pa., recently, aged 92 years.

—Lost, a ladies open face gold watch while coming from school. Finder will be rewarded by returning to Chas. Mesler.

—A new telephone has been placed in the hose house and a succession of rings from Central notifies all in the building of a fire.

—Ike Simons, the Bradford clothier and furnisher, has a new advertisement in this issue which will interest prospective buyers.

—The Woman's Auxiliary of St. Luke's church will hold a cooked food sale in the parish house on Saturday, March 25, from 3 to 5 p. m.

—Students in Edinboro Normal are trained to self exertion, self control and self reliance. Spring term opens March 28th. John F. Bigler, Prin.

—It is now reported that lead pipe is successfully used in sharpening razors. Our barber however still sticks to the stove pipe for stropping purposes.

—The B., B. & K. R. R. was opened for business between Mt. Jewett and Kane on Monday after being closed for some time on account of the big snow drifts.

—The charred remains of a man were found in the ruins of a barn belonging to R. A. Dewey of Elk township which was burned last week. The victim is supposed to have been a tramp.

—The Keystone Window Glass factory at Hazelhurst started making glass yesterday. They are making excellent glass and everything is running smoothly. A meeting of this company was held there on Monday.

—Don't forget the Rollicking Rams parade and dance to-morrow evening. They will be out in full uniform and everybody should follow the band.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday the services will be at 8 and 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. The subjects for the second Sunday in Lent are "Purity of Life" and "Keeping the Heart."

—W. O. Gallup and wife and son, W. H., formerly of Straight have moved to Smethport where Mr. and Mrs. Gallup expect to reside in the future. W. H. Gallup is considering a proposition to go South with a lumber company.

—Mary DeLuke, the 4-year-old daughter of an Italian quarryman at Howellsville, Pa., was outraged and killed Tuesday night by an unknown assailant and her 7-year-old brother who attempted to defend her was perhaps fatally injured by the fiend.

—"The Young Wife" was presented by home talent at Port Allegany last Saturday evening. Miss Mabel Camp and C. C. Choate of this place assisted by taking the roles they had when it was presented here. They were greeted by a large audience.

—"When Women Love" was presented at the Lyceum last Saturday evening to a large audience. With two or three exceptions the cast was composed of able actors, in fact much above the average, and the people were generally well satisfied with the performance given.

—H. C. Wells has had the interior of his drug store repainted and has made some pronounced improvements in his stock room and prescription counter. To-day Mr. Wells has one of the neatest, cleanest and most convenient arranged prescription rooms in this section of the State.

—A Kane man who has kept an accurate account of the amount of snow that has fallen this winter says 119 inches have fallen. As snow in the woods has not melted to any extent as yet and a total fall of only one inch less than ten feet there is liable to be a flood when this snow goes off.

—The funeral of the late Leonard Koenig was held at 3:30 o'clock Sunday afternoon at the family home on Water street, Rev. J. H. McCandles of the Episcopal church officiating, and interment was made in Rose Hill cemetery. Many friends of the deceased paid their last tribute by attending and the floral offerings were profuse.

—Two Belgians employed by the Elk Tanning company were struck by the yard engine on the P. & E. railroad in the yard at this place on Tuesday evening about 7:30 o'clock, and one man was instantly killed and his companion had both legs crushed, and death occurred at the hospital, where he was taken, at 4:30 Wednesday afternoon.—Elk Democrat.

—Remember the Sun Minstrels guarantee to please you or your money will be refunded at the box office after the first part. Does your grocer, the dry goods man and clothing merchant, the doctor or druggist give you such a guarantee? These minstrels appear at the Lyceum next Saturday evening.

—Several young people, while coasting on Mechanic street Tuesday evening, met with an accident in which two of the party were slightly injured and the others severely shaken up. Between Bank and Willow streets the "bobs" tipped over while running at a high rate of speed. Miss Elsie Shorer received a deep scalp wound which rendered her partially unconscious and Harry Sasse had his left leg painfully bruised. Neither of them are confined to the house.

—Mrs. Mary A. Holmes of Park street has presented the McKean County Historical Society with a number of interesting newspapers, containing accounts of the deaths of President Garfield and of Horace Greeley. The list includes the New York Times of Sept. 25, 1881, the Cleveland Herald and the Cleveland Leader, Sept. 26, 1881, and the New York Tribune of Dec. 4, 1872. These papers will be exhibited in the rooms of the society in the Carnegie public library.—Bradford Era.

—Miss Minnie Brown, 48 years old, died at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Brown, at Duke Centre, Sunday evening at 6 o'clock. For three years she had been a sufferer from tuberculosis and her death was due to that malady. Miss Brown had been a resident of Duke Centre 26 years, and was held in high esteem by many friends in that community. She is survived by her parents and one brother, the latter being C. H. Brown of Bradford.—Bradford Era. The deceased was a niece of Mrs. E. R. Mayo of this place.

—"Joshua Simpkins," a story of farm life, will be seen at the Smethport Lyceum, Wednesday, Mar. 22. It is said to abound in novel features, wonderful mechanical effects, excellent singing and dancing and plenty of refined wholesome fun, and bringing to light in the third act a real saw mill in full operation, which is claimed to be the most realistic stage effect ever produced. Between the acts a high class orchestra renders some excellent music, and also aids in the introduction of many pleasing singing and dancing specialties during the progress of the play. The fine band carried by the company will make a burlesque street parade at noon.

True Deer Stories.

Last Thursday A. B. Crandall of Hazelhurst and Fred Field, who resides near Gallagher, captured a deer which is now in captivity in the former's barn. The animal had been chased by dogs in the deep snow until it was exhausted and had not the men come to its rescue would shortly have been killed. As it is the beauty of our forest was quite badly bitten about the neck. The animal, which is a two-year-old doe, was taken to Mr. Crandall's barn and at last reports was on the road to recovery.

From the Wellsboro Gazette we learn that a herd of thirteen deer are wintering on the mountains near Trout Run, Potter county, and that many people who drive in that vicinity have seen the herd. They are always found together and have become so tame that it is not difficult to get within a hundred yards of them. When standing in the snow they often appear to be tree stumps for when they are aware of the approach of human beings they remain perfectly still until one is quite close to them.

The Port Allegany Reporter says: A young deer was found in the field of Ross Meeker at Liberty this morning. It had evidently ventured into the open lot, driven in by hunger, and once in became so confused that it was unable to get out again. Mr. Wetmore is keeping it a prisoner as now-a-days a deer is a good deal of curiosity in this part of the country.

Regarding a Baseball Team.

The time is approaching when the little birds will commence to get up in the morning and sing, the grass to grow green and the sun to shine on both sides of the fence around Kane field. In the spring a fan's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of baseball, and it is the time to be up and doing regarding a first class team for the coming season. All faithful supporters of good baseball should get together at an early date and formulate plans for Smethport's representatives on the diamond. It is the principal amusement of the good old summer time, and conducted on a proper scale will not leave the promoters in "the hole" at the end of the season. Smethport, as usual, has the material for an expert team. Now is the time to organize.

For the Conscience Fund.

A Washington dispatch dated March 14, says: Secretary Shaw to-day received the following communication:

"Dear Sir: I am sending you herewith enclosed $12,000 which is to go to the use of the United States government. Years ago I defrauded the government of money but have returned it all and am now paying four fold in accordance with the teachings of the scripture. The way of transgressors is hard and no one but God knows how I have suffered the consequences and I would seek to do a bountiful restoration. May God pardon while the United States government is benefitted.

A SINNER."

The amount which was in currency, has been deposited in the treasury, to the credit of the conscience fund.

For Sale.

Desirable lot, 32x115 feet, on Main street, between Dr. Brown's office and J. W. Pickersgill's. Inquire of JOHN BERQUIST, Hazelhurst, Pa.

Personal Mention.

S. E. Bell was a Bradford visitor on Monday.

Lew Marks was a Bradford visitor on Tuesday.

H. W. Rubin was a Mt. Jewett visitor Tuesday.

Hon. T. F. Richmond had business in Buffalo this week.

W. P. Walsh made Bradford a business visit on Monday.

Foster Studholme of Olean is a visitor among friends in town.

W. B. Fry of Hazelhurst passed Sunday with friends in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Orlo J. Hamlin are visiting in Buffalo this week.

T. M. Windsor of Burtville was a business visitor in town yesterday.

Mrs. W. P. Burdick of Mt. Jewett was visiting friends in town Monday.

Frank Dunbar returned Monday from a week's visit with his parents in Obi, N. Y.

H. R. Hilton and J. M. Hilton of Port Allegany were visitors in town this week.

E. R. Mayo and family attended the funeral of Miss Brown at Duke Centre yesterday.

Mrs. C. A. Anderson and daughter, Miss Rena, of Colegrove visited friends in town Sunday.

Mrs. H. W. Rubin and daughters, Misses Rae and Ida, are guests of Buffalo relatives and friends.

J. C. Buckus left yesterday for Washington, D. C., in the interests of his automatic pin setter.

Mrs. R. T. Lyle and little daughter, Leona, of Kinzua are visiting their son and brother, Theron Lyle.

Miss Anna Berge departed for Buffalo yesterday where she has accepted a position in a millinery store.

Miss Gifford, Miss Ida Rubin, Harry Rubin and Ed. Walker spent Sunday with Miss Bessie King of Port Allegany.

Mrs. Anna Hilton, accompanied by her daughter, Miss Hilton, of Bradford is visiting her son, R. W. Hilton, of this place.

Mrs. H. S. Rogers and children of Mt. Jewett are visiting at the home of Mrs. Rogers' father, H. M. Choate, of King street.

E. W. Strong and family visited his parents in Friendship over Sunday. Mr. Strong stopped off at Bolivar on business on Monday.

Farm for Sale.

58½ acres of good fertile soil, 30 acres under cultivation, balance good pasture land; 9 room dwelling house, good cellar; 2 barns. Located ½ mile from railroad station. For sale at a bargain. Inquire of Philip Hafner, Kusson, Pa.

I have the agency for this vicinity for Elisha K. Kane's lumber and brick.

C. H. GLEASON.

Subscribe for the MINER.

LYCEUM THEATRE

Nothing Doing 'Till Saturday Evening, Mar. 18

Special Engagement of America's Greatest Minstrel Company

The Gus Sun American Minstrels

Introducing the Grand Spectacular First Part Setting

"A City of Splendor."

SEE

Giles W. Harrington, Crawford & Finning, The Great Kyler Bros. Spaulding, Elliott & West, Ed. Rice, Clarence Stonaker, Al. H. Tyrrell, James E. Emerson, James Barardi, Jimmie Rose, and others.

SUPERB BAND AND ORCHESTRA
STREET PARADE AT NOON.
SEE IT.

Seats on sale at Wells' Pharmacy.
Prices 25c, 35c, 50c and 75c.

LYCEUM THEATRE.
ONE NIGHT ONLY
WEDNESDAY, MARCH 22

THE GREAT NEW ENGLAND COMEDY

JOSHUA SIMPKINS.

Big fun and musical show.

Special scenery and mechanical effects.

See the great Saw Mill Scene!

Hear the "Joshua Simpkins'" Orchestra.

Best of singing and dancing specialties.

Watch for Burlesque Band Parade.

Prices 25, 35 and 50c

Seats on sale Monday, March 20th, at Wells' Drug Store.

BANNER PATTERNS 40c & 15c

MONARCH SHIRT $1.50 & $1.50

FRY & COMES

CORSETS AND WAISTS

The new spring fineries are constantly arriving so that our store has much of interest for you these days. With the best possible values and generous assortments of the newest merchandise we are making this store more and more a profitable trading place for you.

CORSETS We illustrate to-day just one style of the popular "Glove Fitting" Corsets with hose supporters attached. This model is a great success and you should have one to fit the new gown over. Our stock includes a great variety of shapes in heavy and light weights to suit all figures.
PRICE $1.00

THOMSON'S "GLOVE-FITTING" HABIT-HIP CORSETS

SHIRT WAISTS Fashion has put exceeding beauty in the new garments for spring. We have bought liberally of those styles which embody the best ideas in white and colored wash waists. Habutai Silks, Sheer Lawns, Batistes, Madras and Percales. PRICES 50c to $4.50

FRY & COMES

BUY THEM NOW

to get rid of them quickly we have cut the prices.

Syrup Cans or

Syrup Buckets.

We have nothing but the very best quality in this line of goods. It is not economy to use the other kinds.

The assortment is complete, the stock is new and the prices are right.

CALL AND SEE US

before buying. We have no doubt about being able to interest you.

Holmes & Gilfillan,

THE GREAT SUPPLY HOUSE

DOUBLE STORE IN HAMILTON BLOCK

DIAMONDS and WATCHES

CASH

WILL BUY THEM CHEAP, BUT THE OFFER IS ONLY FOR THIS WEEK

7 MAIN STREET **PRILL** BRADFORD, PA.

A. E. FOSTER & CO

Successors to Gallup Grocery Co.

Having purchased the entire stock and good will of the well-known firm of Gallup Grocery Co. we solicit a share of the patronage. Having had an experience of eighteen years we feel confident that we can please. We keep on hand a fresh and complete stock of fancy and staple groceries.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

Ladies improve your figure by wearing the

"FRA DONNA" Bustle or Hip Pads

Made from shredded sponge, the only sanitary goods in this line manufactured. Be sure and stop to see them. Every day brings in new spring goods.

I am showing many handsome shirt waist patterns, no two alike, also the correct patterns in veilings, fancy ribbons, neckwear, beads, etc.

MARY L. BISETT, CITY STORE.

THE PROFESSOR'S SECRET

By TROY ALLISON

Copyright, 1904, by Troy Allison.

There was something on the professor's mind. Every young woman in the senior Greek class realized it. He had shown symptoms of it for three weeks, but this morning it had assumed the form of an undeniable fact. When the shy girl of the class got rattled and construed a present infinitive as a past participle he did not even notice it.

This same shy little Ruth Payne had assumed the proportions of a problem to Professor Claxton. The girl never gave a decent recitation, yet passed her examinations with the highest marks. He had tried not to harbor a suspicion that she resorted to unfair means on examinations, but he could think of nothing else that would solve the mystery.

The professor's mind, however, was agitated by a more complicated problem than Ruth Payne's poor recitations in Greek. He had a guilty conscience. He felt that each and every pair of feminine eyes before him were searchlights turned upon his secret. He was convinced that each young woman knew there was a package of letters in his vest pocket. Of course letters are commonplace in a way and something any man might innocently possess, but these were anonymous. That was enough to make him turn crimson, but the knowledge that he had enjoyed reading these letters and moreover had actually mailed answers to the address given hung over him like a shadow. He knew there had at various times in the world's history been other anonymous letters. Really to receive them was a different matter. Ownership lends a certain definite interest.

The professor constantly remembered the first of these letters. He had walked leisurely to the postoffice after the early supper, unconscious of impending fate. The college town was a small one, and it lent variety to life to own a postoffice box and go for one's mail rather than have it sent by the college carrier.

On that memorable night he had taken his letters and looked them over listlessly until he came to the one that was the proverbial bombshell in his experience. He read it over three times before his astonished faculties were able to grasp the fact that there was a woman, an unknown woman, who professed an admiration for him. He was not quite sure that it was exactly respectable to have an unknown woman write him a letter, and his pedantic soul knew that if it did not go beyond the bounds of respectability it at least must be called an impropriety. The first letter troubled his peace of mind for days. It was witty and bright and contained just that delicate soupcon of flattery that charms the man who believes he abominates flattery.

Had not she insinuated that she had met him occasionally and had been struck with the idea that he possessed a depth of understanding it would be interesting to fathom?

She further stated she was at that time leading so quiet and restricted a life that she was at a loss for some real intellectual interest. His mind immediately pictured the sister of the president of the college, who was spending a quiet winter in the small village for the sake of her health. Yet it seemed impossible that a woman of so much dignity and reserve could take such a step even for amusement.

After pondering over the matter several days carefully and methodically, according to his custom, he had hesitated and been lost. He had answered that letter. The address given was in a neighboring city, and he had found himself going to the postoffice afterward under the stimulus of an unusual excitement. He had really been curious to see the second one.

He had a hazy recollection of an adage that the second step in wrong doing had won renown as being less difficult than the first. He felt positive symptoms of pleasure in answering the second letter.

He knew that the dignity of his position would fall flatter than the western Roman empire if the girls in his class once got an inkling that he was a factor in an anonymous correspondence. Nevertheless he grew more absentminded every day, and every day his curiosity increased, this pedant of thirty-five who had all his life refused to take an atom of interest in any woman.

So the girls nudged each other and giggled as much as they deemed it permissible for members of the senior class to giggle, and little, fair haired Ruth Payne read her Greek, hopelessly involving all parts of speech.

He was walking on the college campus one afternoon meditating with much satisfaction on the fact that he had at last gathered courage to beg his anonymous friend to disclose her identity and let him call the next time he went to the city. The professor was a shy man and had found it required all the nerve he possessed to make this request. He was thinking it could not be many days before he received an answer when he noticed Ruth Payne walking in front of him, poring over a book in the manner of a schoolgirl who goes up for examination the next day.

A tiny green snake ran across the path, and the professor caught the girl in his arms as she screamed and reeled toward him.

While he stood gazing helplessly at her white face other girls rushed to his assistance.

"It was an awful snake!" Ruth gasped when she opened her eyes.

After the girls had taken her to the house he picked up the Greek Syntax she had dropped in her fright.

A sealed letter, ready for mailing, dropped out. The address was plainly "Professor R. G. Claxton," and the writing was in the familiar hand of the anonymous lady.

He sat down limply on the nearest iron bench. There seemed something awry with the universe. Was it possible that this pretty child had written such letters—a little blond girl who blushed furiously and stammered every time she was spoken to in class!

He opened the letter eagerly. Its superscription gave him that privilege. He noticed, too, that the girl's name written on the fly leaf of the Greek syntax was identical with the writing on the envelope. He read on to learn that he could call on her at the end of the college year when he passed through the city on his way home—if he still cared to meet her.

The professor went to his room, his thoughts in chaotic condition.

That night he followed her to the corner of the veranda where she sat, gazing abstractedly on the moonlit lawn.

"So I have met you," he said quietly. He sat down beside her and looked at her intently. "And—so—you are—the—woman?" he added slowly.

She gave a frightened gasp and looked at him with terror and shame in her eyes.

"It was awful of me, I know. It was a dreadful thing for me to do." She turned away from him, and he could see she was trembling with nervousness.

"It has given me more pleasure than anything that ever happened in my whole life," he said simply.

She gave him one quick glance and hurried into self justification.

"I have always been timid," she said in an intense whisper, "and I was so mortified when I would get nervous and fail in my recitations. The minute you asked me a question every thought seemed to leave my mind. I got more embarrassed each day. I got desperate. I determined you should know I was capable of having a thought. That wild scheme of writing you anonymous letters came, and—I wrote them. I'm so very—sorry." And the professor heard the sob in her voice.

He answered earnestly: "I'm glad—I shall be eternally glad—if you tell me I need never give up those letters. They have become part of my life."

The girl's eyes grew wide with emotion. He gazed at her wonderingly, trying to understand how he had failed to recognize her before. Now she seemed some one that had been in his life forever. He had been lonely, and he remembered that she herself was an orphan; that after the close of the term she would take up the burden of teaching.

"I—you mean that you want me to keep on writing to you?" she asked shyly.

"I mean that I want to teach you how to talk to me," he said, smiling. "I want to keep with me forever the womanly companionship of my letters."

She gasped in astonishment.

"But I thought you believed me stupid. I couldn't recite my Greek to you decently to save my life."

The professor looked into her startled eyes and laid his hand on hers.

"I don't care if you couldn't tell Greek from Chinese," he said solemnly, deriding the hobby of years.

"But don't you think me a frivolous doll baby kind of a girl?" she questioned timidly.

He leaned over and touched her fair hair with all the reverence of a child who has never before owned a golden haired doll.

"I think you are the sweetest thing on God's earth," he said, pressing his lips to her hand.

The First English Regatta.

T. Doggett, the comedian, has been regarded as the founder of aquatic sports in England, since he first instituted, in 1716, annual prizes for rowing, and these rowing matches have been continued until the present day. But in the winter of 1774 Lord Lyttleton and the Savoir Vivre club determined to hold in the following year a "regatta" which should rival any ever held at Venice.

This was arranged for June 23, 1775, and on that day the whole river from London bridge to the Ship tavern at Millbank was covered with pleasure boats, both sides of the water assuming the appearance of a splendid fair. Two races were rowed, and at the conclusion of the sport the invited guests proceeded to the rotunda at Ranelagh, where supper was served at 10 o'clock, after which a ball was given in the Temple of Neptune, a temporary structure erected near the rotunda, the company including the Dukes of Gloucester and Cambridge, the lord mayor and several ambassadors.

Finnan Haddies.

"The great American public is often bunkoed in buying finnan haddies," remarked a man in the fish business. "When you buy finnan haddies nowadays you may get a finnan haddie, which is a smoked haddock, or you may not. You may get a smoked codfish instead, but you will pay the real finnan haddie price for it just the same.

"The haddock is a fish of the cod family and resembles the cod very much. But the haddock has a black lateral line, while that of the cod is white, and if you will only look for the color of those lines, which is not changed in the smoking, you can tell readily enough whether you are getting what you want or something 'just as good.' For myself, when I buy finnan haddie I want finnan haddie. It may be no better than finnan cod, but I like to think I am getting what I want."—Providence Journal.

THE MINER and TRIBUNE FARMER one year for $1.25 IN ADVANCE.

What Shall We Have for Dessert?

The question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it today. Try Jell-O, a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in two minutes. No boiling! no baking! Simply add boiling water and set to cool. Flavors—Lemon, orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. Get a package at your grocers today.

FIJIAN FIRE FIENDS

NATIVES PLACIDLY WALK ABOUT ON WHITE HOT STONES.

They Tread to and Fro Over the Glowing Furnace In Their Bare Feet and Come Out of the Fiery Ordeal Apparently Uninjured.

There may be seen in the National museum an ordinary, prosaic looking stone which probably escapes the attention of most of the visitors and yet which represents the question as to whether there may not exist in some quarters of the world something like actual bona fide witchcraft, says the Washington Post.

Professor Langley himself brought this stone with him after having witnessed the marvelous spectacle of natives of the Fiji islands walking barefoot over white hot stones and coming out of the ordeal unscathed. The professor in describing the incident said:

"I saw the spectacle of fire walking in Tahiti. The essential question as to the actual heat of the stones had not then been satisfactorily answered, and after the fourth passage I secured Tupa-Ita's (the principal performer) permission to remove from the middle of the pile one stone which from its size and position every foot had rested upon in crossing and which was undoubtedly at least as hot as any of the others trodden on. It was pulled out by my assistants with difficulty. I had brought over the largest wooden bucket which the ship had and which was half filled with water. The stone caused the water to rise nearly to the top of the bucket, and it was thrown into such violent ebullition that a great deal of it boiled over and escaped weighing. The stone was an exceedingly bad conductor of heat, for it continued to boil the water for about twelve minutes, when the ebullition being nearly over, it was removed to the ship.

"The stone was found to weigh sixty-five pounds. I brought this piece of it to Washington with me and determined its specific gravity to be 2.30, its specific heat 0.19 and its conductivity to be so extremely small that one end of a small fragment could be held in the hand while the other was heated indefinitely in the flame of a blowpipe. This partly defeated the aim of the experiment (to find the temperature of the upper part of the stone), since only the mean temperature was found. This mean temperature of the hottest stone of the upper layer as deduced from the data mentioned was about 1,200° F. The temperature at which such stones begin to show dull red by daylight is approximately 1,300 to 1,400 degrees F."

In other words, this performance of the Fijians is every whit as wonderful as if a man put his naked feet upon white hot coals, let them remain there for a considerable period (for the fire walkers promenade back and forth repeatedly upon the blazing stones) and showed not a trace of the performance.

How account for this?

In fact, the theories put forth by eyewitnesses of this modern miracle (a number of them, like Professor Langley, trained scientific observers) are almost as varied as to many philosophical systems.

Some of these observers have contented themselves with the mere superficial remark that the stones were not as hot as they appeared, but Professor Langley's experiment has thoroughly demonstrated the fallacy of this hypothesis. Other observers, again, admit the presence of intense heat and endeavor to call science to their aid in the construction of theories to account for the phenomenon. Professor W. F. Barrett remarks:

"If a white hot ball of metal, preferably of copper, be lowered into a vessel of water containing a little soap in solution, it will enter the water without any ebullition of steam, and the ball will remain white hot in the midst of the water for a considerable time. The ball, in fact, does not touch the water, and the latter remains only slightly warmed until the temperature of the ball falls below a certain point, when it comes in contact with the water, and violent ebullition ensues. The phenomenon is really attributable to a repulsive force, discovered by Sir William Crookes, which occurs when a hot body is brought very near to a cold one."

It has been argued, too, that a similar phenomenon occurs in cases when the human hand is plunged into molten metal and instantly withdrawn, quite unharmed, owing to the rapid evaporation from the surface of the skin, which creates a momentary protection. But it has been pointed out that such experiments call for momentary exposures to the heat, whereas the fire walk lasts a very appreciable time.

It has been furthermore urged that chemical substances, such as the oil from the fat of the green frog or the juice of the aloe plant, are employed by the natives as a protection against the heat. Those putting forth this explanation, it may be remarked, have never been willing to testify to their faith by a practical experiment in their own proper persons. As a matter of fact, chemical authorities may be quoted as saying that there is no known substance which, smeared upon the body, can alone protect it from the scorching heat of an open furnace. Those endeavoring to explain the matter along these lines go on to say that the fire walker is a native of a hot country, walking all day along roads hot enough to blister the feet of a white man. Their soles, unaccustomed to shoes, become tanned like leather. Besides, an oriental inherits much less sensitive nervous organization than the American or European. As a "clincher" is emphasized the frenzy of religious fervor which sways the performer's mind, rendering him insensible to physical pain—and that is the explanation.

This would do very well were the heat of the stones anywhere within 100 degrees F., the temperature at which albumen coagulates and the substance of the human body disintegrates. But such explanations are ludicrously inadequate where the temperature of the steaming furnace of stones, ranges from 600 to 1,200 degrees F. So great is the heat from the stones that observers have sometimes found it impossible to stand within several feet of them. They are grouped in a large mass, forming literally a white hot furnace.

Strange to say, there is a statement made to the Polynesian society by one Colonel Gudgeon, a British resident of Raritonga, to the effect that he himself had performed the feat of fire walking. The colonel says:

"I can hardly give you my sensations, but I can say this—that I knew quite well I was walking on redhot stones and could feel the heat, yet I was not burned. I felt something resembling slight electric shocks, both at the time and afterward, but that is all. I do not know that I should recommend every one to try it. A man must have 'mana' (the mysterious power) to do it. If he has not it will be too late when he is on the hot stones of Tama-ahroa.

"To show you the heat of the stones quite half an hour afterward some one remarked to the priest that the stones would not be hot enough to cook the food. His only answer was to throw his green branch on the oven, and in a quarter of a minute it was blazing. I did not walk quickly across the oven, but with deliberation, because I feared that I should tread on a sharp point of the stones and fall. My feet also were very tender. I did not mention the fact, but my impression as I crossed the oven was that the skin would all peel off my feet. Yet all I really felt when the task was accomplished was a tingling sensation not unlike slight electric shocks on the soles of my feet, and this continued for seven hours or more. The really funny thing is that, though the stones were hot enough an hour afterward to burn my green branches of the ti (dracaena), the very tender skin of my feet was not even hardened by the fire."

The doctors of Dunedin, New Zealand, recently subjected some fire walkers to a careful examination immediately after they came from the burning stones. They found the men's feet and hands extremely cold, which gave rise to some suspicion of the use of a local refrigerant. Otherwise the feet were soft and there was no sign of any burns. Dr. Hocken, a well known New Zealand scientist, on a previous occasion even licked the feet of the fire walkers to see if he could trace any chemical, but without result. Dr. Hocken when he witnessed the fire walking provided himself with a thermometer registering up to 400 degrees F. Just before the men walked over the stones the doctor suspended the thermometer over the center of the oven some five or six feet above the stones. It had to be withdrawn at once, as the solder in the case immediately began to melt. It had, however, registered 282 degrees, and Dr. Hocken is sure that if it had been left it would have registered 400 degrees and then burst.

So far as known the bold Colonel Gudgeon has been the only white man to subject himself to the ordeal, and it is to be regretted that there would appear to have been no observers present on that occasion save the natives themselves. Moreover, the gallant colonel acknowledges that he possesses "mana," or the mysterious power. The plain truth appears to be that there is no explaining the phenomenon as witnessed by the authorities quoted.

Language and Character.

"The French language has no word for 'kick,' and the Algonquin has no word for 'love,'" said a philologist. "Thus from a language's characteristics we may learn much about the people using it.

"The French have no word for kick. They are, you see, a polite and refined race, little given to kicking. They have a hundred words for love, though. They differentiate love with a nicety incredible to us Anglo-Saxons. No word for kick, a hundred words for love. Can't you form from that a good idea of the French character?

"The Algonquins have a wretched time of it. In their language there is no love, and there is no love in their hearts. But kick, bite, beat, punch, rend, pinch, scratch, tear—there is an abundance of such words among the Algonquins, and by putting two and two together we make a fair estimate of the stern, unlovely Algonquin nature.

"The Portuguese have no word for 'wink.' They are deficient in a sense of humor.

"The Sioux have no word for 'steal.' They possess no knowledge of high finance."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

A Lesson in Phrenology.

Many inventions have been suggested in dreams, and it should be remembered that the mechanical faculty is situated above the temple, as was first learned from a supposed skull of Raphael and from the head of a milliner who possessed uncommon taste. Self esteem is high on the back of the head. It is always found large in beggars who excuse their poverty on account of pride. On either side of self esteem are the bumps of love of approbation, which are greatly developed, as a rule, in lunatics who imagine they are kings and queens. Benevolence is on top of the head, a little in front of the middle; veneration is in front of benevolence, and wonder is still farther forward. This last is prominent in psychic researchers and vision seers. Ideality is in the middle of the forehead. It is touched by the hand when one is composing poetry. Nearly every one composes remarkably good poetry in his dreams. If only he could remember it afterward!

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $1.75 IN ADVANCE.

ONE FOOLISH PEOPLE

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, "Oh it will wear away," but in most cases it will keep them company. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 25c and 50c. Trial size free. All druggists.

Pennsylvania Directory.

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—E. B. Hardenbergh.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—L. E. Brown

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—S. R. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campell, Kane; J. M. McElroy, Bradford.
District Attorney—John P. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—Charles E. Mays, Morrisons.
Prothonotary—W. E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. R. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—S. D. Weaver, Smethport.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; W. P. Walsh, Smethport.
Com'rs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—S. M. Love, Rixford and Leon Curtis, Farmers Valley.
Auditors—Oscar Engelman, Smethport; B. G. Bartle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Council—W. A. Ostrander, president; Mrs. Lena Hyde secretary; Alfred Hagberg, Jas. McKean, A. A. Abbey, J. F. Mooney, James Herriman, J. C. Cunningham.
Justices—B. F. Kapp, R. C. Gleason.
Constables—S. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; J. N. Apple, treas.; Sheridan Norton, sec'y; W. E. Specht, C. M. Colegrove, John Clark.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—F. H. Freeman.
Auditors—C. C. Choate, A. H. Kidder.
Judge of Election—G. H. Lyde.
Inspectors of Election—J. A. Swanson, C. H. Burlingame.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 398, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

GUY H. MAYO, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evening at 8:30 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

WM. FOUCHON, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 223, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

S. J. SWANSON, Chief Patriarch.
H. M. CHOATE, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 342, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 3 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.

H. L. BURLINGAME, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 183, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.

Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

A. H. KIDDER, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.

MOLLIE E. PIERCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLDEN, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.

JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Wednesday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.

MRS. JANE N. FORSYTHE, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
CLARA BURLINGAME Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 13, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

MRS. MAY CHOATE, W. M
MRS. ROSA MALCOLM, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

A. A. ABBEY, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches.

Methodist Episcopal—Clayford H. Patterson, Ph. D., pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport. Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 3:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:15 p. m. The Ladies Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Rev. F. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church.—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Pennsylvania RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect Nov. 27, 1904.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

For Clermont, Sidney, DuBois and Pittsburg:

Train 12, week days . . . 10:18 a. m.

For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points Olean, Buffalo and points north.

Train 101, week days . . . 4:04 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:20 a. m.—Train 12, week days, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:25 p. m., New York 9:20 p. m., Baltimore 6:05 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:25 p. m.—Train 3, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 7:30 p. m., New York 10:25 p. m., Baltimore 7:30 p. m., Washington 8:35 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

1:25 p. m.—Train 8, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:25 a. m., New York 7:17 a. m., Baltimore 5:25 a. m., Washington 6:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 8:30 a. m.

10:35 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:05 a. m., New York 9:53 a. m., week days (10:38 a. m. Sundays.) Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:30 a. m.—Train 14, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 7:15 p. m., New York 9:33 a. m week days, (10:38 a. m. Sundays) Baltimore 7:3 a. m. Washington 8:40 a. m. Vestibuled Buffet sleeping cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:10 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and weekdays DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10:25 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

6:10 p. m.—Train 61, week days, for Kane and intermediate stations

Weekdays.

NORTH	STATIONS	SOUTH
A M Lv		Ar P M
9:20	Ridgway	11:50
9:40	Johnsonburg	11:30
9:50	Glen Hazel	11:16
9:57	Straight	11:09
9:19	Instanter	10:59
9:20	Smith's Run	10:55
9:29	Woodvale	10:47
9:35	Clermont	10:40
P M		A M

Connections are made with train 3, leaving Johnsonburg at 12:07 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 3:50 p. m. and at Ridgway with train 206, leaving Ridgway 12:01 p. m. for DuBois, Red Bank, Pittsburg and intermediate points and train 6, leaving Ridgway at 2:20 p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

W. W. ATTERBURY, J. R. WOOD, General Manager. Pass. Traffic Mgr.
GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

Buffalo, Bradford & Kane Railway.

Time table in Effect June 19th, 1904. Eastern Time.

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

8:05 a. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Simson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Jct., Bird Mt., Jewett and Kane, connecting at Bradford with trains on Erie R. R. for all points East and West and at Kane with B. & O. R. R. for Nansen, Medonville, Clarion, Foxburg, Butler, Allegheny and intermediate, and with trains on P. & R. division, Pennsylvania R. R.

10:15 a. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Bradford, Mt. Jewett, Kane and intermediate points, connecting at Bradford with trains on Erie R. R.

4:30 p. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Bradford, Mt. Jewett, Kane and intermediate points, connecting at Bradford with trains on Erie R. R. East and West, and at Kane with P. & R. for Harrisburg, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington.

6:15 p. m.—Saturdays only for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Junction and Bradford.

Trains arrive from Bradford, Kane, Mt. Jewett and intermediate points, Daily, except Sunday at 9:00 a. m. and 3:40 p. m. Saturday only at 6:45 p. m. Sunday only at 10:00 a. m. For tickets and full information call on or address B. J. Cummings, ticket agent, Smethport, Pa.

H. H. Gardiner, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Buffalo, N. Y. A. B. Campbell, Gen'l Supt. Bradford, Pa.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern

Effective Jan. 15, 1905

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

7:00 a. m.—For Mt. Jewett (arr. 7:50 a. m.) connecting with B. R. & P. Ry. for Johnsonburg (arr. 9:25 a. m.); Ridgway (arr. 9:30 a. m.); DuBois (arr. 10:45 a. m.) and Punxsutawney (arr. 11:30 a. m.

9:01 a. m. for Eldred (arr. 9:36 a. m.); Olean (arr. 10:25 a. m.) connecting with P. R. R. for Buffalo (arr. 12:45 p. m).

12:02 noon for Clermont (arr. 12:30 p. m.) St. Marys (arr. 1:45 p. m.); Shawmut (arr. 4:22 p. m.) and Brockwayville (arr. 4:47 p. m.),

2:20 p. m. for Eldred (arr. 2:49 p. m.); Olean (arr. 3:40 p. m.); connecting with P. R. R. for Buffalo (arr. 6:10 p. m.); Bolivar (arr. 3:27 p. m.); Friendship (arr. 4:03 p. m.); Angelica (arr. 4:22 p. m.); Hornellsville (arr. 5:55 p. m.); Wayland (arr. 7:05 p. m.), connecting with D. L. & W. for all points east.

Trains arrive:—9:01—From Mt. Jewett with connections from Kane. 2:21 p. m.—From Brockwayville, Shawmut, St. Marys and Clermont. 12:02 noon—From Hornellsville, Wayland, Angelica, Friendship, Bolivar and Olean. 2:05 p. m.—From Mt. Jewett, with connections from B. R. & P. 7:22 p. m.—From Olean and Eldred.

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

A. M. LANE, General Supt. St. Marys, Pa.
C. J. RENWICK Gen. Pass. Agt.

BUDDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar. Eastward.			STATIONS.	Lv Westward.		
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Ar. Dp	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
8.05	7.05	2.10	Ulysses	7.20	2.25	9.10
7.50	6.53	2.10	Crowell	7.07	2.32	9.10
7.46	0	1.57	Carpenter	0	2.34	9.—
7.40	6.48	1.53	Perkins	7.32	2.37	9.26
7.37	6.45	1.50	New Bd June	7.37	2.42	9.32
0	0	1.45	Newfield	7.41	2.46	0
7.05	6.36	1.41	Gold	7.44	2.49	9.—
7.00	6.30	1.35	Raymond	7.49	2.45	9.47
6.45	6.21	1.24	Seven Bdg's	8.01	3.06	10.02
6.40	6.17	1.20	Colesburg	8.04	3.09	10.10
6.35	6.12	1.12	Frinks	8.12	3.17	10.20
6.15	0	1.05	N. Coudsp't	0	3.26	10.33
6.10	6.00	1.00	Dp. Ar.	8.25	3.30	10.43
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport.		P.M.	
4.50	7.45	12.15	Ar. Dp.	8.28	6.00	1.26
0	0	12.13	Hammond	0	0	0
4.05	7.38	12.09	Olmsted	8.33	6.05	1.31
3.58	7.33	12.05	Mina	8.37	6.10	1.37
3.45	0	11.59	Knowlton	0	6.17	0
3.40	7.25	11.55	Roulette	8.47	6.21	1.57
3.30	7.16	11.47	Burtville	8.54	6.28	2.01
3.23	0	11.42	Coleman	0	6.34	0
3.20	0	0	Chem. Wks	0	0	0
3.15	7.03	11.36	Pt. Allegany	9.08	6.40	2.25
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp. Ar	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. Ry. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

E. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

THE NEW YORK WORLD

THRICE-A-WEEK EDITION.

Almost a Daily at the Price of a Weekly.

The Presidential campaign is over but the world goes on just the same and is full of news, just as it is—promptly and impartially—all that you have to do is to look in the columns of the Thrice-a Week Edition of the New York World which comes to the subscriber 156 times a year.

The Thrice-a-Week World's diligence as a publisher of first news has given it circulation where the English language is spoken—and you want it.

The Thrice-a-Week World's regular subscription price is only $1.00 per year. We offer this unequalled newspaper and the MINER together one year for $1.65

The regular subscription price of the World is one dollar.

Persiflage and Persuasion

By EPES W. SARGENT

Copyrighted, 1904, by E. W. Sargent

"It's horribly improper to sit out three dances with the same man," remarked Miss Millington, though she did not offer to abandon her comfortable position in the cosy corner.

"A most proper and delightful impropriety," declared Tanner, "providing, of course, that I am the one man."

"They will be saying that we are engaged," hinted Miss Millington.

"Heaven forfend that they speak not the truth!" he answered, keeping his eyes fixed upon the vista of the ball room showing through the arched doorway.

"But we are not!"

"It's not my fault," he said humbly.

"I should say not," she retorted sarcastically. "To propose three times in one evening!"

"Four," corrected Tanner comfortably. "I think I just proposed again."

"I don't remember," she protested.

"Maybe not!" he agreed. "I've got so in the habit of that I guess I am growing stale. I thought I said

something about hoping that they spoke the truth when they said we were engaged."

"Oh, that!" she said, with infinite scorn.

"I can't give you one out of 'The Lover's Handy Manual' every time," he apologized. "I'm saving those up for *grand* occasions."

"'Out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh,'" she quoted lightly.

"Not always," he urged. "Sometimes I can't say a word."

"And other times I wish you could not," she finished cruelly.

"How would you like California for a honeymoon?" he asked irrelevantly.

"It would all depend," she laughed. "I think I prefer Europe. I detest trains."

"So do I," he answered, with a relapse into lightness, "in a ballroom. Stepped on Mrs. Bascom's, and she looked at me as though I was a train robber and not merely a wrecker."

"Is one worse than the other?" she demanded.

"I don't know," he admitted. "I had to say something."

"Yes?" she asked, with a rising inflection that conveyed a negative.

"You see," he argued to save his ground, "if you're wrecked you may lose your life, but you won't mind it. If you are robbed you lose your money, and you do."

"Is money more important than life?" she exclaimed.

"Some people appear to think so," he said politely.

She laid a gloved hand upon his arm.

"See here, Dick," she said pleadingly, "don't think I am going to accept Clarence Stone for his money."

"Are you marrying him because you love him?" he asked, turning that he might look straight into her eyes.

She tried to meet his glance, but her lashes fell.

"You don't understand," she said pleadingly. "You see"—

"That's the trouble," he broke in impetuously. "I see all too well. You are going to marry him because you feel that you have to, because you are afraid to face your mother and tell her that you will not marry merely for money."

"You put it so crudely," she complained.

"Does it gild the pill," he said bitterly, "to pretend that you owe it to your mother to accept this most advantageous match she has made for you?"

"We owe a duty to our parents," she insisted.

"But not when duty means a lifetime of regret."

"Clarence is very kind," she said falteringly. "Mother says that in time"—

"You will come to love him dearly," he finished for her. "It's the old argument, trotted out every time a girl is laid a sacrifice upon the altar of Mammon. Do you think you will ever learn to love him?"

"You are very cruel," she said, with a little break in her voice.

He laughed harshly. "And what may be said of you?" he demanded. "We have been sweethearts since we were children. I have a fair income and a name that has never been tarnished. Our tastes are congenial, our opinions are the same, we love each other, yet because a good natured, foolish newly arrived widow you for his house and is willing to pay for you just as he paid for that Whistler he bought last summer—and he will appreciate you just about as much as he can the painting—you must marry him."

"Mother is not rich," she said falteringly.

"She has an income of $10,000 a year," he declared. "If she would, she could live within that income in entire comfort."

"But until papa died"—she said softly.

"Until your father died," he persisted, "she spent every cent he could earn. That's why she has no more now."

"Mother can't help"—she began.

"I don't ask her to," he broke in, willfully misunderstanding her. "I leave tomorrow for California to take over the Santa Maria vineyard. It's going to be hard sledding at the start, but I can keep a wife in comfort, and I hoped that you would come with me."

"You are going west tomorrow?" she cried, startled out of her pose.

"And alone," he said simply. "I had hoped for your love and sympathy. At any rate, I could stand the uncertainty here no longer. All my money is tied up in the vineyards now, and I can't afford to come back east and hang around."

"Did you suppose I could leave so soon?" she asked.

"You won't need more than you have to go out there," he explained. "You could pack up in the morning, be married in the afternoon and leave in the evening."

"Of all the ridiculous things!" she exclaimed.

"It isn't ridiculous," he said soberly. "I can't stand this sort of thing any longer."

Without warning, he clasped her close. For a moment she felt the pressure of his lips against hers, the tightening of his powerful arms, then without a word he rose and walked quickly toward the door that she might not see how he was suffering.

"Dick," she called softly, but not so low that his quick ears did not catch the words. He turned and came toward her. Every instant he remained was exquisite torture and he chafed at the delay, yet even now her slightest word was a command. "Dick," she said softly as he bent his head, "I don't think a trip to California would make a bad honeymoon."

She was smiling at him as she had smiled in the early evening, but now there was a new light of tenderness in her eyes. His face glowed with hope.

"There's luck in odd numbers," he cried. "I've already proposed four times. For a fifth time, will you marry me, sweetheart?"

He bent his head so low to catch her answer that her lips brushed his cheek as she whispered, "Yes."

Cardinal Newman's Gentleman.

In telling what he thought a gentleman should be Cardinal Newman once wrote: "He has his eyes on all his company. He is tender toward the bashful, gentle toward the distant and merciful toward the absurd. In his conversation the gentleman will remember to whom he is speaking, have thought for all the company and avoid allusions that would give pain to any of them, steering away also from topics that irritate. When he does a favor to another (and he does many) the gentleman will somehow make it appear that he is receiving the benefit instead of conferring it. He is never mean or little in his disputes. Moreover, he shows that he has an intellect far above the average in the fact that he never mistakes personalities and sharp sayings for arguments. Most of mankind do. When grief, illness or losses come to him he submits to pain because it is inevitable. Bereavement he takes with heroic philosophy because it is irreparable. He goes to death without a murmur because it is destiny."

The Power of Prejudice.

The wife of a New Zealand missionary once had an interview with a native matron, who confessed that she would die with shame at the idea of permitting her boy to "run about with an undressed face"—i. e., with cheeks free from tattoo marks. The attempt to save native youngsters from the martyrdom of the absurd custom caused repeated riots and disagreeable scenes with the indignant relatives, and with a similar emphasis the eastern Hindoos protest against the abolishment of infant marriages.

In Calcutta alone the indignation meeting of the priests was attended by 150,000 natives, including hundreds of rajahs, merchant princes and scholars, besides tradesmen and peasants. The women of Bengal observed a general fast on the "day of protest," shrieks and howls filled the air. The population of several cities seemed to have gone crazy en masse. One fanatic offered to sacrifice his life to propitiate the wrath of heaven.

Eagles and Chamois Fight.

A desperate combat between two eagles and a chamois was witnessed on a snow covered mountain near Flushl.

One of the eagles attacked a young chamois, when it was charged by the sire of the herd, which was some distance away. At this point another eagle appeared, but the chamois repeatedly beat them both off by fierce thrusts of its antlers.

The struggle continued for half an hour, after which the birds took to flight. The chamois remained immovable, with head erect, gazing defiantly at the soaring birds until they were lost to sight.

Some sportsmen next day found the spot where the heroic combat had taken place littered with feathers and fur, and the snow was splashed with blood. —Geneva Cor. London Express.

THOUSAND MAT HALL.

A Structure That Is One of the Wonders of Japan.

One of the wonders of Miyajima is an enormous structure called Thousand Mat hall, a name which means that 1,000 of the regulation 3 by 6 foot rice straw mats are required to cover its floor. All rooms in Japan are measured in this way instead of by feet, so in talking about houses one always says a "six mat room" or "three and a half mat room" until one begins to think in divisions of eighteen square feet. Thousand Mat hall was erected in the sixteenth century out of the wood of a single camphor tree, say the Japanese records, that are always so full of such perfectly wonderful details. If this be so, camphor trees must have grown very large in Japan in the sixteenth century, since the building rests upon a hundred or more piles, each a giant tree trunk in itself, beside which the roof is upheld by at least fifty pillars that were fifty forest monarchs once upon a time. Then there is a floor in the structure made of 18,000 square feet of cedar planks a foot and a half wide and five inches thick, so one must needs believe that its builder outmiracled the miracle of the loaves and the fishes if Japan's sober records are to count for anything.

The walls of this ancient hall have doubtless echoed the sounds of many a priestly oxy, since it adjoins the temple and is guarded by a richly wrought seven story pagoda, enshrining Amida Butsu, but the most glorious thing in its history seems to be the fact that Hideyoshi, "the Napoleon of Japan," used it for a council chamber during his remarkable invasion of Korea. Now it is merely a "show place," standing empty and open and gaunt, overlooking the sea, a roost for sacred pigeons and chattering sparrows. It was during the China-Japan war that troops first began to be quartered on the island, and several regiments, for want of better barracks, were encamped in this old historical structure. One evening in half jest, half earnest, a soldier nailed his rice ladle (mushi torn) to one of the pillars, with a prayer that he and his regiment might soon be sent to help "cut the chinese." His comrades followed his example, and since then almost every visitor to the hall has left a rice ladle and, writing his name and the date of his visit upon it, has hung it on the wall. (Of course the Nippon Railway Company is not overlooking the opportunity of turning this unexpected harvest to account, and it is, I think, charging admission now.—Leslie's Weekly.

Parisian Swindler's Case.

A traveler remarks that the Parisian swindler is the subtlest and the most indomitable one in the world. He was the other day strolling through a fashionable French shop.

A woman entered and proceeded to purchase a costly set of silver dishes, and meanwhile a well dressed man lingered at the doorway as though waiting for her.

The woman, her purchase concluded, counted a number of bank notes and advanced to the cashier's desk holding them in her hand. Then of a sudden the man rushed upon her.

"You wretch!" he exclaimed. "Didn't I tell you that you shouldn't have those dishes?" And he slapped her upon the cheek, tore the bank notes from her hand and stalked indignantly out of the shop.

The woman fainted. It was ten minutes before she was brought to, and meanwhile those in the shop, believing that a family quarrel was in progress, did nothing. On her recovery the manager of the place said regretfully:

"We are sorry, madam, for this occurrence. Your husband"—

"My husband! That was not my husband!" the woman cried. "He is a thief!"

She had never seen the man before.—Chicago Tribune.

The Wit of Dumas.

Whenever it came to a question of repartee Alexandre Dumas was well able to hold his own. At the Theatre Francais one evening, says Arthur F. Davidson in his life of the famous Frenchman, during the performance of a play written by the poet and dramatist, Alexander Soumet, a spectator was observed to be slumbering.

"Look!" said Dumas to the author, who was sitting near him. "You see the effect produced by your tragedy!"

Next evening at the same theater it happened that the play was one of Dumas' own and it happened also that a gentleman in the stalls was overpowered by sleep. Soumet, being present, noticed this with infinite satisfaction, and, tapping Dumas on the shoulder, he pointed to the offender and said:

"Please notice, my dear Dumas, that your plays can send people to sleep as well as mine."

"Not at all," was the ready answer. "That's our friend of yesterday. He has not wakened up yet!"

Two Americanisms.

The London "Athenaeum" recently printed a letter of the poet Gray, written in 1761. It has to do with the shipping of some goods to Cambridge and contains two flagrant "Americanisms," so called. The goods, he says, may remain packed till he comes, "which will be in about three weeks, I guess," and then he adds, "Mr. Gillam, I reckon, will stay for his money till I arrive."

Gray was one of the most learned men of his time and a person of the most fastidious taste, yet he "guessed" and "reckoned" like any countrified Yankee. In other words, these two "Americanisms" are simply English forms of speech which have gone out of vogue in the mother country and which, for that reason have a novel American sound to the modern English tourist.

TWO PAIRS

By Martha McCulloch-Williams

Copyright, 1904, by Martha McCulloch-Williams

"A hundred dollars! And her dog and her cat! I call that a shame—a burning shame!" Amy Watts said, boldly, but her hand to Jocelyn, ostensibly sympathetic, but with a gleam of satisfaction in her eye.

"I don't," Jocelyn said stoutly. "Aunty Berintha never promised to make me her heir. She did all she said and more—gave me my education with a lot of frills in the way of extras—dressed me well and gave me also a chance of earning her money. I wouldn't take it"—

"Why, I—I don't understand," Amy began. Jocelyn laughed softly. "The earning would have been easy—to some girls," she said. "It only meant being a missionary. You see, aunty felt that she herself ought to have gone, she thought she had heard a call that way—but her terror of men and water was such she never could venture to answer it. She wanted me to fill the gap which she thought she had left in the ranks. Then, too, the poor old dear knew I'd spend her money if I got it without the missionary career in having good times. And she did so hate good times! She simply couldn't be happy unless she was very miserable."

"You stayed with her nine years," Amy said in a voice of awe. Jocelyn smoothed out her black gown and said cheerfully: "Yes, and I'm glad of it. Toward the last she clung to me pitifully—called me her comfort, and all that. But it broke me all up to have her ask my pardon for the will, as though I had a right to be hurt over it. I've lived so useless, child, I had to do a little good at the very last," she said. So her dear missionaries got everything but the place, and the family silver—they went to a Challoner down in Texas, the last of the name. She hoped he would come back to live on the place. Somehow, in spite of all her crankiness, she kept the feeling of race. I'm not real blood kin of hers, you know—only her stepmother's grandchild."

"When—is coming this Texan?" Amy inquired.

Jocelyn laughed copiously. "Not at all, I assure you, Amy Manny. You'll have to put up with Frank Palmer after all, for a while. Mr. Stephen Challoner could come, he is likely to bring a Mrs. Challoner along. Early and often is the Texas motto when it comes to matrimony, and he's all of thirty-five."

"Frank has no eyes now for anybody but you," Amy said, trying to mask spite with playfulness and succeeding rather ill.

Jocelyn gave her a keen look. Inwardly she whistled, a favorite trick of hers in case of great surprise. "Unless you take that back right straight I'll bundle you out, neck and crop," she said severely, but with twinkling eyes. "I don't deny grudging Frank to you. What woman could? But you have possession, which is nine points of the law, not to speak of vested interests. You two were betrothed in the cradle. I've always heard, by your respective fathers."

"Oh, that was all a joke!" Amy said, but blushed and bridled delightedly. Amy was a pretty enough girl unless Jocelyn were by to put her out of court. Jocelyn was tall and twenty, light on her feet, lithely rounded, a figure of grace, vital everywhere, most of all in her peach tinted face and laughing eyes. In the three weeks since she had come home she had subjugated half of Lynnville—women no less than men. What wonder that she had swept Frank Palmer off his feet!

He was a rich man's only child, spoiled, of course, but a decent fellow enough, dutiful to his father and tenderly affectionate toward his invalid mother. He had intended to marry Amy on purpose to please his mother, who was fond of the girl and had grown to depend on her greatly. Now he had decided she would be much fonder of Jocelyn before six months were out. How could she help it? While the two girls talked of him he was saying this to the sick woman, who answered him with only silent choking sobs and wringing of wasted hands. The silence irritated him to the point of action. He went out of the house far from gently and swung along the tree bordered street, eyes down, so intent upon his errand he rudely intercepted a tall, sunburned fellow who stood irresolute upon a corner.

"No harm done; rather good," the stranger said in answer to his apologies. "At least I reckon so. It gives me a chance to speak to you without seeming like a confidenceman. I might to be ashamed to say it, but the fact is I'm lost—lost in Lynnville, where I was born a long time ago. The Lynnville I remember was another sort of place—used to be a public square, where the turnpike went down toward the river, with a market house and courthouse"—

"They've gone out to meet the railroad," Frank explained, smiling in spite of himself.

The stranger said, "H'm!" then plunged into the middle of things with: "Say, what sort of proposition is this Craig girl—Miss Jocelyn? You're bound to know her if you live here."

"She's most adorable," Frank answered, smiling.

The stranger looked at him, also smiling, but shrewdly. "It's plain she's run her brand on you, young man," he said. "So you up and tell me who you are? And how you're fixed? No harm meant. I've got a good reason for asking. My name's Challoner. I've come all the way up here to sort of even things. When I got the straight story of my great-aunt's will and knew how infernally she had treated the Craig girl I said to myself, 'Steve, it's up to you to make tracks up there and marry that poor thing.'"

"Sure you can do it?" Frank asked, a stormy red flashing into his face. Challoner wheeled upon him. "Lord, yes," he said. "Even in Texas there aren't many would turn down Steve Challoner. Ever hear of the Tomahawk Ten ranch? Pretty complete outfit, if I do say it myself. It don't really lack much but a mistress, and that it's going to have, sure as this Miss Jocelyn shows up as any sort of Texas timber. She ought to be that. This little old state of Tennessee raises about the best going. That's what made me wait so long. I've been knowing I needed a wife ever since the Tomahawk Ten got to a full draft of 2,000 steers, but somehow I couldn't fetch it to come up here after her. Now—well, I don't think I'm going home by myself, not even if I find the wind blows the way I think it does."

"How is that?" Frank asked.

Challoner laughed. "Why, that you've gone and cut me out before ever I was rightly cut in," he said. "Ain't that about right?"

"I don't know," Frank interrupted, "but," doggedly, "if you'll come along with me we'll very soon find out."

"So you're going to see her!" Challoner ejaculated, with a whistle. Then, rubbing his hands, "But you haven't told me a word about yourself."

Frank ran into a brief account of himself as they swung along the street. Challoner listened attentively and at the close asked: "Now, one thing more, are you right sure you ain't mortgaged property? I don't see how you can help being, living here where folks can't do much but marry, specially women. Oh, ho, I thought so!" noting Frank's frowning flush. "Now you speak up—the whole truth—before we go a step farther together."

"Would you ruin your life to please other people?" Frank demanded.

Challoner looked at him narrowly. "No man ruins his life except by doing wrong," he said. "Tell me the whole tale, then I can judge."

"Gee, but you are in a sort of a box!" he said when he had heard the tale. Then, with a swift smile, "But it oughtn't to be hard to get you both, with two good women ready to be persuaded."

"You don't know Jocelyn," Frank protested, but Challoner wheeled upon him, returned the clasp, but spoke severely. "Wait until I've seen Jocelyn before you bring in a joke for yours truly." Then there was silence until they stood, side by side upon the train platform, shaking hands with the two young women whose confidence they had interrupted. Five minutes later Challoner managed to wink at Frank unseen. And when after supper they marched away arm in arm he burst out: "It's all right—mighty right—old son! I'm with you to the last cartridge. Jocelyn has got the looks, but somehow that Amy bunch of calico is just the size I want. We've got a whole month's time to work in. Ought to be a pair of weddings at the end of it."

There were a pair of weddings, although they waited until fall. When they came off Amy was so happy that she made a beautiful Mrs. Challoner, and Mrs. Palmer, Sr., was nearly as much in love with Jocelyn as her bridegroom son.

The Tick of a Clock.

In a recent police court squabble over a clock one man testified that he could identify the timepiece in question by the tick. This statement was received with derision by most of the courtroom attaches, the magistrate included, but later a watchmaker to whose attention it had been called declared that the scoffers laughed before they knew what they were laughing at.

"Of course you can tell a clock by its tick," he said. "I don't mean that every clock has an individual tick that can be recognized by its friends, but many of them have, and a person who has owned a certain clock for a long while and has studied its style and mannerisms can, if he has a good ear, detect that particular tick among a hundred. Many clocks that are apparently made on the same plan develop peculiarities in their running gear. Some canter along at an even pace, others go by jerks and spurts. Some are steady and solemn, others frisky and gay. The ticking of clocks varies, too, in rhythm, pitch and dynamics. With all these differences in tone is it any wonder that a man who has measured his life by one clock for several years can swear even in court to its particular tick?"—New York Post.

Troublesome Children.

Everything is relative, after all, even age, yet one might suspect that the "children" of one of Mr. Muzzey's "Men of the Revolution" might have arrived at years of some discretion and proper regard for behavior.

When I saw the old soldier, says Mr. Muzzey, he was the sole survivor of those who witnessed the battle of Bunker Hill. At the age of ninety-five years he was attending a Whig celebration held at Boston in 1850, and there I met him. He was a good looking old man with a large, well shaped head, blue eyes and mild expression. His whole countenance beamed with benevolence.

I asked him if he had any children.

"Oh, yes, I have two sons," he replied.

"Why did you not bring them with you?"

The old man's smooth brow wrinkled into a semblance of a frown as he said:

"I didn't want to be plagued with those boys on an occasion of this sort."

"Why, how old are they?" I asked, wondering if he could mean his grandchildren.

"Oh, one is seventy, and the other is seventy-two. But I couldn't be bothered with them."

ROSE TO THE OCCASION.

The Way a Financier's Clerk Extemporized a Cipher.

When Wall street first caught the fever for "industrial combinations" and began the reorganization of everything in sight, says the Brooklyn Eagle, one of the votaries of high finance found himself in Chicago in extreme need of communicating with his New York office.

He had almost completed an arrangement for the consolidation of several western enterprises, but in order to get the final authority he needed from New York he must explain all he had done by wire to his partners.

There was no time to write. He had no cipher code. For a long time he tried to think out some way to send the information so that it would be plain to his partners and meaningless to any one else. His secret was a valuable one and once sent over the wire might be sold out to his rivals in Wall street for a large sum.

At last he decided to take the chances in plain English. Accordingly he wrote the message and gave it to his assistant to send.

Half an hour later, when the assistant came back, he asked him if he had sent it.

"Not just that way," said the clerk. "I rewrote it—the first word on a Postal blank, the second on a Western Union, and so on. I sent half by each company, and neither half meant anything. Then I sent a second message by one line, saying, 'Read both messages together, alternating words.'"

The scheme was too simple for the high financier to have evolved, but it worked perfectly.

AN ODD WHIST HAND.

It Looks Like a Sure Winner, but Can Take Only Six Tricks.

To any one familiar with whist the following hand is bound to look pretty good:

Hearts—Ace, king, queen, jack, ten and nine.

Diamonds—Ace, king and queen.

Spades—Ace and king.

Clubs—King and jack.

Hearts are trumps.

It looks like a good thing for eleven tricks sure and possibly for twelve. Should any whist player of experience get such a hand, however, he will be mighty apt to be as suspicious as the poker player who is dealt four kings. It is, what is known as a "harbor ough" in whist circles, and this is the denouement: The dealer holds the other seven hearts (trumps) and six small clubs to the ten. The dealer's partner holds the ace and queen of clubs and one small club. What his other ten cards are makes no difference.

The partner of the person holding the good hand holds the thirteen other cards, and it makes no difference what they are. The "good" hand has the lead, and if any whist player wishes to verify the assertion he may try from now until doomsday and yet not be able to take more than six tricks with the hand. It is impossible by good, bad or indifferent play to take a single trick more, provided, of course, the dealer and his partner play their hands properly.—Baltimore Sun.

Annual Whipping Days.

Canterbury school in England had an annual whipping day, when, as Green tells us, an all round whipping was given to the boys not for any definite fault on their part, but with a view to their general improvement. Canterbury was not singular in the belief that a sound birching now and then was in itself a good thing for boys. The idea was commonly held in the old scholastic world and was regularly acted upon by the most famous head masters, from Dean Colet to Dr. Keate. Erasmus says he was dogged on this principle, and Charles Lamb found it to be the practice at Christ's hospital.

A Village Fiasco.

Gifted Amateur (concluding pet card trick)—Now, ladies and gentlemen, you have seen the pack of cards burned before your eyes and the ashes placed inside the box, which mysteriously transformed itself into a rabbit, which in turn disappeared into space. I will now ask this gentleman to name the card he selected, when it will at once appear in my hand. Now, sir, what card did you select from the pack? (Lies who has been following the trick most intently)—Blessed if I recollect!—Punch.

One Exception.

President Luffler of Trinity college, at Hartford, Conn., preached one Sunday when he was a professor in college on the story of Esther. He concluded with the words: "So they hanged Haman on the gallows that he had prepared for Mordecai, and every one was pleased." Then as the irony appealed to him he added in a lower voice, "Except Haman."

Clever.

"Don't be so lazy. There's plenty of room at the top, and you're clever enough to get there."

"But," replied the lazy genius, "think how clever it is of men to find a place at the bottom, where there isn't so much room."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Chances the Woman Must Take.

A man is like a piece of cloth warranted to wash, and matrimony is the laundry. It may improve him, give starch and freshen him up, or it may take all the color out of him.—New York Press.

Anxious Moments.

Brother—You can't think how nervous I was when I proposed, Sister—You can't think how nervous she was until you did.—Town and Country.

The original sin to which all human beings are liable is the sin of idleness. —Rev. S. Pearson.

Subscribe for
The MINER
and get all
the news

The Miner and Tribune Farmer
$1.25 per year in advance. Subscribe now.

INSURANCE.
Life, Fire and Accident
written by
W. F. SPEICH
SMETHPORT, PA.
A good, reliable company.

EMIL THAMM,
MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer

THE WATER WE EAT.

Bought as Food, Is a Tolerably Expensive Luxury.

Bought as food, water is a tolerably expensive luxury. In several instances it costs something like $2.50 a glass, according to the estimates of H. J. Holmes in Pearson's.

Let us begin with breakfast.

Look at that loaf of bread. To all appearance it is solid enough. But it is not. When it came into the hands of the baker as wheat flour it contained water only to the extent of 17 per cent. In working up the materials into dough, by kneading and other manipulation and in baking a great change takes place, and the quantity of water has more than doubled. The wheat flour loaf contains nearly 40 per cent of water. Curiously enough, its value as a food is increased thereby. The percentage of water in the crust is about half that in the soft inside.

"Cured" pork does not contain a large proportion of water. In fact, wherever there is a good deal of fatty matter there is also a scarcity of moisture. So the man who enjoys his slice of breakfast bacon may comfort himself with the reflection that he is getting fairly solid value for his money, because bacon contains only 22 per cent of water.

Fresh eggs, on the other hand, are composed of no less than 65 per cent of water.

The best dairy made butter, no matter how carefully prepared, contains a comparatively large percentage of water. Out of 1,500 samples of butter examined by well known authorities a small number contained over 16 per cent of water. The larger number contained between 11 and 13 per cent. Carelessly manufactured or adulterated butter often contains much more water than is permissible by law, and the breakfast table may include a supply of butter containing as much as 20 per cent of water.

It is only to be expected that milk, owing to its origin, should vary considerably in its composition. Much depends on the health and surroundings of the animal yielding it.

It is interesting to know that morning milk as it comes from the cow is by no means as nourishing as the evening supply. There is more water in the former. The daily quart of milk, even in its purest state, contains an average of 87.6 per cent of water.

The choicest fish contains the largest percentage of water. Thus turbot and sole are credited with 78 per cent, salmon 75 per cent, while the commoner inhabitants of the deep blue sea are content with from 40 to 60 per cent, as in the case of the homely herring.

"As cool as a cucumber" is a household term. The coolness is easily explained. Cucumbers are almost entirely composed of water—that is, 95 per cent, or over 7.4 per cent more than is contained in milk, which is itself a liquid. Lettuce must not be forgotten. Here is a further instance of how little substance may be in an apparent solid, for the cabbage lettuce holds 92 per cent of water.

It will be seen that most of the good things of life are largely composed of water, but it is better for us that this is so. Nature knows more about our digestive powers than we know ourselves, and she has designed her products—fish, flesh, fowl and fruit—with so cunning a hand that the water contained in each is essential.

Food containing very little water in its composition is not, as a rule, good to eat until a suitable process of cooking has rendered it safe by adding a further supply of water to it, and boiling, as is well known, is the process that renders our food most wholesome and easy of digestion.

The Scarab.

Among the Egyptians scarabs were used as signets and seals. To them these little beetles symbolized a god because of certain peculiarities of their habits, such as pushing together little pieces of mud with their hind legs. By constant turning a round shape is assumed, thus forming little round balls of earth. They refer to this similarity in the operations of the sun and thus look upon the insect as a god. Hence these insects were regarded as fitting guardian spirits. As the Egyptians did not give form to their deities, they fashioned these symbols having occult meanings. The scarab symbolizes generation and a father because it is engendered by a father only. It is symbolic of the world because in its generation it is fashioned in the form of a world; also of a man, because there is not a female race among them—it emanates from itself. Thus the scarab is to the Egyptian a tangible expression of an elevated religious idea embracing both a future life of the human soul, a resurrection of it from the dead and most likely a reward or punishment to it in the future life, all based on its conduct when in the terrestrial form.—Jewelers' Circular-Weekly.

The Forests of Germany.

Nearly one-fourth of the surface of the entire German empire is covered with forests, about 48,000 square miles, more than one-sixth (38,000 square miles) being occupied by what the Germans call "hochwald"—that is, forests of full grown trees. The area occupied by trees of the pine family is more than three times as great as that occupied by all the varieties of deciduous trees combined. Of the 5,678,000 acres of deciduous trees 1,172,000 acres are oak, 867,000 acres are birch, alder and aspen and 4,019,000 acres are beech, etc. Of the 18,495,000 acres of needle leaf trees, 12,927,000 acres are pine, 29,000 acres are larch, 5,482,000 acres are red fir and 657,000 acres are white fir. About 2½ per cent of this "hochwald" is owned by the crown, nearly 40 per cent by the state, 15 per cent by municipal governments and about 40 per cent by private persons.

Not Entirely Assumed.

"Don't you think that wealth is assuming too much importance?"

"My dear sir," answered Mr. Dustin Stax, "wealth does not assume importance. Its importance is almost entirely due to the vast respect in which it is held by the people who haven't it."—Washington Star.

THE BUSHIDO.

Moral Doctrines of the Samurai That Rule In Japan.

"The bushido" means "the moral doctrines of the samurai," and they are obeyed by all the statesmen, soldiers and scholars of Japan of the present time with as much holy respect as the Christian's reverence for the Bible and its teachings. In Japan Buddhism is the popular religion, but Buddhist teachings are not respected by educated men or soldiers. In fact, most of them are atheists or agnostics, who do not believe in any religion but the doctrines of "the bushido."

"The bushido," for instance, teaches a man or woman to have the courage to perform the hara kiri if he or she commits a serious offense. The spirit of this doctrine is that the offender should kill himself instead of waiting to be executed by the law, which latter is considered in Japan as one of the most cowardly thing. "The bushido" also teaches that the life of a Japanese is a gift of the holy mikado, and if the country needs the lives of her people they should be given gladly, for that is only to return to the mikado what they have received from him.

To die on the battlefield is the only key for a Japanese to find his way to his Shinto heaven, and the soldiers who were not killed on the battlefield are considered unfortunate. It is maintained in Japan that if a man gives you a favor or money or pleasure you should return it with more than what was given to you.—Hydesaburo Ohashi in Leslie's Weekly.

LONDON IN 1700.

When Traitors' Heads Adorned London Bridge and Temple Bar.

London in 1700 was a comparatively small city of about 600,000 inhabitants, the rough and ill kept main roads to which had been but slightly improved since Tudor times. The ghastly spectacle of many of the trees on the Southwark road bending under their burden of hanged men had indeed been slightly modified, but none the less the decomposing heads of "traitors" still filled the atmosphere about London bridge and Temple bar with myriads of baneful microbes.

Our immediate forbears were evidently not overparticular about sight and smells. They were accustomed to see men sitting in the pillory pelted with rotten eggs and possibly included among their immediate circle not a few who had been deprived of their noses and ears for expressing too freely their opinions, political and religious.

The drains were in an appalling condition. The innumerable churchyards were so full of coffins that they often projected through the turf. Bear and bull baiting, dog fights and boxing matches were attended even by royalty as late as 1820, and five years later all the "dandies" in London were paying high prices to stand in the carts round Tyburn to behold twenty-two of their fellow creatures hanged for misdemeanors which in our time would be punished with a few days' imprisonment.—Saturday Review.

Low Rate to Washington.

The Pennsylvania Railroad company announces that on March 23 and April 13 it will run special excursions from Buffalo, Mt. Morris, Bradford, Titusville, Falls Creek, Kinzua, Tidionte and principal intermediate stations on the Buffalo and Allegany division, and from Erie to Lock Haven, inclusive, to Washington, for the benefit of all who may wish to visit the national capital. Round-trip tickets, good going on all regular trains on day of issue, and good returning on any regular train except the St. Louis Limited, Chicago Limited and Pennsylvania Limited, within ten days, exclusive of going date, will be sold at rate of $10 for the round trip from points on the Buffalo & Allegheny Valley division, and from Erie, St. Marys and intermediate points; and at rate of $8.95 from Driftwood; $8.15 from Renovo; $7.30 from Lock Haven, and proportionate rates from other points.

These tickets will be good to return direct via Harrisburg or Philadelphia, and to stop off at Baltimore and Philadelphia, returning if deposited with ticket agent at Union station, Baltimore, or Broad street station, Philadelphia.

For additional information consult small handbills, apply to ticket agents, or address B. P. Fraser, passenger agent, Buffalo district, 307 Main street, Ellicott Square, Buffalo, N. Y., or E. S. Harrar, division ticket agent, Williamsport, Pa.

To California Without Change.

In elegant tourist sleeping cars from St. Louis. Beginning March 1st and daily thereafter until May 18th, the Missouri Pacific Ry. and Iron Mountain Route will sell one way colonist tickets from St. Louis to California and North Pacific coast points at the exceedingly low fare of $30. Proportionately low rates from all eastern points. If you are contemplating a trip to any point in the west or southwest full information and lowest rates will be furnished on application to Jno. R. James, Genl. Pass. Agt., Mo. Pac. Ry., 315 Bessemer Bldg., Pittsburg, Pa.

California.

California entertains every year a host of visitors. By reason of this she has gained a reputation for hospitality. California wants you to visit her this spring. The Rock Island system would like to have you try its up-to-date service from Chicago or St. Louis to the Golden State. As a special inducement greatly reduced rates are offered daily, March 1 to May 15. Ask your home agent or write to John Sebastian, Passenger Traffic Manager, Rock Island System, Chicago.

Notice of Application for Charter.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania on Monday, the 30 day of April, 1900, by D. L. Robinson, P. Welch, W. N. Tilewelvs, J. S. Brown, W. A. Jones, Edwin Harrison and P. L. Shurtwell, under the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved April 29, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called THE ELDRED CUTLERY CO. PANY, the character and object of which is the manufacture and selling of knives, cutlery, &c., and for the purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of the said Act of Assembly and its supplements.

J. R. HAUGHNEY,
Solicitor.

Make Money In California

If you are industrious and capable you can make money there. The big ranches are breaking up into small farms that need more workers to care for the increased product. The towns and cities are prosperous because the country is prosperous.

There are great valleys of the richest soil in America waiting for you. If you have a little capital you can own one of these small farms yourself, or you can rent one on shares and pay for it out of the product in a few years. We will send you descriptive booklets and folders giving full information about the money-making opportunities for every member of the family.

You want to see what the country is really like; you can go there, work a few months, enjoy the delightful climate, the flowers, fruit and scenery, and earn enough to *pay your expenses both ways* by taking advantage of the

Bargain Rates

Every Day March 1 to May 15

$33 From Chicago **$30 From St. Louis**

For one-way colonist tickets. Correspondingly reduced rates from almost any point East.

The trip is easily and comfortably made via the Rock Island. Two routes—one through New Mexico, the other through Colorado.

Through tourist cars—hours quicker than any other line. Double daily tourist service via El Paso—tri-weekly via Colorado. Dining-car service and free reclining chair cars, both routes.

The Rock Island has representatives throughout the United States; they are travel experts and can save you money. You can have their assistance in arranging the California trip for the asking. Consult your home ticket agent or write to the undersigned for our California book and complete folder "Across the Continent in a Tourist Sleeper."

Rock Island System — Southern Pacific Company — El Paso Route

Remember the Rock Island runs more tourist cars to California than any other route. Many of them are of the latest pattern, with wide windows and lavatory and toilet rooms for both men and women, unusually large and complete in their appointments.

Cut out this advertisement, fill in spaces below, and mail to

JOHN SEBASTIAN,
Passenger Traffic Manager, Rock Island System,
CHICAGO.

Please send me rates of fare to California and time tables—also your illustrated California book, and full information about your new services.

I expect to leave for California about _____

and would like information about _____ (NAME SECTION)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

SPRING CLOTHING

for man and boy has been coming in for two weeks and we are ready for the early birds.

We shan't disappoint you either.

Our line of suits taken individually or collectively represent the cream of the clothes market of this United States.

We have also secured spring hats, shirts and neckwear.

You are welcome only to look.

IKE SIMONS,
BIG DOUBLE CLOTHING HOUSE
52-54 Main Street.
BRADFORD, PA.

Fall and Winter Shoes. . . . .

Our stock of Shoes for the Fall and Winter is complete and we are showing a large stock of the best makes.

When in need of footwear of any description gives us a call.

Shoes for Men
Shoes for Women
Shoes for Children
Shoes for Everybody

Anderson & Carlson,
Smethport, Pa.
Repairing a Specialty.

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR
Main St. - Smethport

Quaker Oats

the standard Oats the world over I buy these oats direct from the mill, shipped in car with [illegible]ur. Just received fresh supply and sell them at 10c for 2-lb. pkg. Banner Oats were included in this shipment, together with Apitezo and Brittle Bitts. They are fine. Try any or all of them and remember they are direct from the mills of the American Cereal Co. and just received. Let me sell you the next sack of flour you buy and you will agree with me that it is the best flour you ever used.

J. COLEGROVE,
SMETHORT, PA.
Next to Bank.

Notice to Advertisers.

All advertisers should remember that changes of advertisements must reach this office not later than 1 p. m. on Tuesday in order to appear in the following issue of the MINER. We must strictly enforce this rule so it would be well to paste this where the "ad man" can see it.

CLOTHING

That keeps its shape and your confidence

Swell "Box" Short Overcoats, with fine big shoulders, from . . . $10.00 to $15.00

Genuine Scotch Cheviot Suits, double breasted and the new model 3 button Sack Suit . . . $12.00 to $15.00

The Latest in Soft and Stiff Hats and Walk Over Shoes Ready for your inspection.

WM. MONHEIMER,
SMETHPORT.

Blankets and Robes.

The reason for Blankets and Robes is here and at this store you can always find

Just What You Want.

[illegible] Fronts, Tablecovers, Stable Rugs, Traveling Rugs etc. at popular prices.

Harness: All the latest styles in single, double, light and heavy harness.

Thos. Lemmler,
Smethport, Pa.

L. K. Hogarth

PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

RUBBER GOODS
SICK ROOM FURNISHINGS

Prescriptions accurately compounded.

LEATHER GOODS
JEWELRY
CUT GLASS
HAND PAINTED CHINA
STATIONERY
PERFUMES

We carry in stock all the latest

MAGAZINES AND PERIODICALS.

Our business is bigger and better this year than ever and we can please you both in quality and price.

Oldest drug store in the county—Established 1865.

L. K. Hogarth,
Leading Druggist.
Opp. Court House. SMETHPORT

DENTISTRY

Modern, scientific and up-to-date. Painless extraction of teeth. Over 15 years experience. Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

Professional Cards.

Attorneys.

Corbett & Richmond.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW. All legal business given prompt attention.
Smethport, Pa.

Gallup & Bouton,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. All legal business promptly and carefully attended to. Office over Hamlin's Bank, Smethport, Pa.

F. L. Keenan.
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW
Office adjoining Residence, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
All legal business attended to promptly.

Byron D. Hamlin. John Forrest
Hamlin & Forrest
LAW AND LAND OFFICE, Smethport, Pa. Office of the lands of Hamlin & Forrest (formerly Keating & Co.) situated in the counties of McKean, Potter, Cameron, Clinton and Clearfield.

E. R. Mayo & Son.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office in Odd Fellows Building, over the Post Office, Smethport, Pa. Office connected with long distance telephone. E. R. Mayo, notary public.

Thomas H. Morrison,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
Smethport, - - - - - Penn'a.
All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

E. F. Sherman,
PENSION ATTORNEY AND NOTARY PUBLIC. Claims for Bounty, Back Pay, Pensions, &c., both War of the Rebellion and Spanish War claims given prompt attention. Special attention given to both widow's and invalid claims under the act of May 9, 1900. Office No. 137 Main street, Bradford, Pa. Telephone 404.

Physicians.

Burg Chodwick, M. D.
—PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—
Office in Drug Store.
Calls answered promptly day or night.
Bell 'Phone.

H. L. McCoy.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office in I. O. O. F. Block, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

John Clark, M. D., C. M.
Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 10 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

A. A. Ostrander, Ph. G., M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Office and Residence over Lemmler's harness shop.
Day or Night Calls promptly attended to.

G. E. Benninghoff.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 21 Main St., Bradford, Pa. Special attention given to surgery and surgical diseases of women. Office hours from 1:30 to 3:30 and 7 to 8 p. m.

J. C. Brown.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office and Residence one door East of Catholic Parsonage, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

Robert Hamilton, M. D., C. M.
Office hours—8 to 9 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.
Office and residence, Hamilton Block, second floor, Smethport, Pa.

Dr. E. R. Baker,
DENTIST.
Teeth extracted without pain. All kinds of dental work done promptly and satisfaction guaranteed.
Office over McCoy's Drug Store.

Hotels.

Grand Central Hotel,
JAMES McGUIRE, Prop'r.
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

Hotel Imperial,
Main street, Smethport, Pa., [illegible] Bacon, Proprietor.
This House has recently been greatly improved in all its appointments, making it one of the most convenient hotels in the country. Good beds and attentive clerks. The tables are supplied with all the delicacies of the season. A liberal share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.

Cartwell House,
PORT ALLEGANY, Pa.
Having recently purchased the above hotel, and made extensive improvements, I am prepared to cater to the traveling public.
C. S. KING, Proprietor.

Commercial House.
F. L. SHERBURNE, Prop.
125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

Bayer House,
[illegible] CLERMONT, PENN'A.
This house has just been rebuilt and refurnished. The tables are supplied with the best the market affords and the accommodations are all that can be desired. The bar is supplied with the best brands of liquors and cigars.
ROYD & SMITH, Proprietors.

Novelty Restaurant

New York Counts,
Clams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, Prop'r.

Just Received!

The Finest and most complete line of

Picture Mouldings

ever brought to Smethport. Remember we guarantee to purchase a frame to suit the elegant assortment in our studio.

[illegible] to the [illegible]
Smethport, Pa.